

The Saturday Evening Post

Established
Aug. 4, 1821.

HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers,
No. 219 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

Price 25 Cts. A Year, in Advance.
Single Number 5 Cents.

Whole Number
12,000.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Under the willows, the cool brink willows,
Balm flowers blossom and white Mimos
grow;
Velvet the moss is, the sweet sunshine
crosses,
With a kiss on his lips for the waters
below.

Under the willows, the graceful willows,
Lover and lady sat talking one day;
Crystal waves glistened, and little birds lis-
tened,
And mimicking sang what they heard
them say.

"By blue skies above you, I love you, I
love you,"
Cried Robin, the sauciest bird in the
crowd,
"My life is so lonely—one little word
only."
Fie, Robin, fine suitors don't say it so
loud!

A small Thrush romancer caught up her
quick answer,
"Go talk to the maiden who sent you
that letter,
And if you are honest, and do as you pro-
mised,
You will die for her dear sake—the sooner
the better."

And thus it was ended; but oh, she re-
pent-
The mocking words jealousy urged her to
say.
Young Clarence turned rover, and went the
world over—
And they brought him to her in his coffin
one day.

For ere his last breathing, while still hands
were wearing
The funeral cypress his forehead must
wear,
He said—when I perish, let those I most
cherish,
Bury me under the willow trees there.

Then morning and even, what'er might be
given
A gentle-browed lady in duty to do;
A wreath of fresh flowers, from her own
garden bowers,
Lay over the bosom that proved itself
true.

Under the willows, the grieving willows,
The morn of the day she the fatal words
said,
Fair Alice alone, by the garlanded stone,
Was found with head drooping, lips smil-
ing, and dead.

MIRIAM EARLE.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST
OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1870, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of
the District Court of the United States, in and for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER VII.

Leonie Dormer had seasons when she
knew that it would be wise and better if
she would separate herself completely from
Mark Lasley—but it was so difficult, that in
spite of her imperious will, she could not
force herself to do it. In her whole life,
no man's admiring words had ever sounded
so pleasantly in her ear—no man's delicate
attention had ever moved her so much—no
man's protestations of affection ever roused
such tender echoes in her heart.

She chafed under this knowledge, know-
ing that it could only bring her deeper un-
rest, but her struggles made her more ca-
pricious and changeable without giving her
strength to break the spell. Indeed, during
the days which followed that ill-omened
drive, the pair got on but poorly, though
Lasley could not keep from haunting her
presence—and sometimes for a little while,
she would forget the stern necessity there
was for keeping him aloof, and be so gentle
and kind, that for the hour his vague sus-
picious and mental torments of all sorts
would be flung off, until some chance word
would make her remember and bring back
the disquiet which so sorely vexed his days.

He could not forget her singular fainting
fit, and Milly Crofton's strangely persistent
manner in regard to the esoteric rite. He
noticed that he had never seen it on Mrs.
Dormer's fingers since that day, and once he
mentioned it. She turned upon him quite
angrily, and they managed to quarrel in re-
gard to the matter; but of course it had no
lasting effect. The next time they met,
Leonie was kinder than ever, and he so
happy in seeing her smile could recollect no-
thing else, till a new shadow rose.

Milly, too, was fighting against her own
pence; and Walter Thorman in the blind ar-
rogance of his manly dignity, helped her to
bring the black cloud more closely down, to
shut out more completely the beautiful



FISHING FOR TUNNY ON THE COAST OF PROVENCE, FRANCE.

Tunny-fishing goes back to the remotest
antiquity. The Phœnicians, the first navi-
gators known, carried it on to the coast of
Spain. In our days the fishing is prosecuted
with great activity on the coasts of Provence,
of Bardiña, and Sicily.

The fishing is generally carried on by the
tunny-net, but in Provence it is done with
an enclosed net called the *madrague*. The
madrague is a vast enclosure in the open sea.
The netting which forms the partitions of
its chambers is sustained by buoys of cork on
the surface, and kept down by heavy stones
and other weights on the lower edge, and
maintained in this position by cords, one ex-
tremity of which is attached to the net, and the
other is moored to an anchor. The madrague
is intended to arrest the shoals of tunnies at
the moment when they abandon the shore
in order to return to the open sea. For this
purpose a long alley or run is established
between the sea shore and the park or

madrague. The tunnies follow this alley,
and, after passing from chamber to chamber,
betake themselves at last to the body of the
park.

In order to force them into the madrague
they are pressed towards the shore by means
of a long net, which is extended in their
rear attached to two boats, each of which
sustains one of the upper angles of the net.
When the fishes come to the last compart-
ment, the fishermen raise a horizontal net,
which makes a sort of place of this compart-
ment, in which the fishes are gradually raised
to the surface of the water. This operation
occupies the whole night.

In the morning the tunnies are collected
in a very narrow space, and at varying dis-
tances from the shore; and now the carnage
commences. The unhappy creatures are
struck with long poles, boat-hooks, and other
weapons. The tunny-fishing presents a very
sad spectacle at this its last stage; fine large

fish perish under the blows of a multitude of
fishermen, who pursue their bloody task
with most dramatic effect. The sight of the
poor creature, some of them wounded and
half dead, trying in vain to struggle with
their ferocious assailants, is very painful to
endure. The sea, red with blood, long pre-
serves traces of this frightful carnage.

The flesh of the tunny is much esteemed,
being firm and wholesome. It is called the
salmon of Provence. "For our part," says
M. Piquier, "we put it far above the salmon.
Nothing is comparable to the fresh tunny
thrown into a hot frying-pan, and sprinkled
with vinegar and salt. When properly cooked,
nothing can be more firm or savory. In
short, nothing of the kind can rival, or even
be compared, with the tunny, as we find it at
Marseilles and Cette." The tunny is greatly
celebrated among the Greeks and other in-
habitants on the shores of the Mediterra-
nean, of the Propontus, and the Black Sea.

heaven which had only a little time before
been so full of new meanings to her.

At last, one night Mrs. Dormer said to
him, with her dangerous frankness—for in
spite of her training, she was very impulsive
at times—

"You are like the rest of your sex, Walter
Thorman."

"In being dazzled by your brilliancy?" he
asked, laughingly.

"Nonsense!" retorted Leonie. "What is
the good of talking in that way? There is
nobody to hear."

"Thank you," said Thorman, and felt
vexed, as the vilest old stager will when a
woman says such things, however indifferent
he may be to her.

"People say that you are engaged to that
pretty little baby, Milly Crofton."

Thorman flashed up.

"And if I am—she is a darling little
thing."

"Just that," replied she, coolly, "and
that was what you wanted to find. Let me
see—you are thirty-three; you have lived
since you were fifteen—oh, yes, I know what
men like you want! To be worshipped,
adored, made a god of—innocence and
youth for you—very good!"

"Thank you; my vanity is not quite in-
extinguishable."

"You don't thank me, and I'm not talking
about your vanity. What I want to know
is this—since you have seen fit to take a
child to bring up, why aren't you satis-
fied?"

"I wonder," said Thorman, musingly, "do
these children—"

"No, they don't," interrupted the widow;
"they never do grow up—and I am sure
they are to be envied. Who would feel if he
could help it! You have chosen your wild
flower; sometimes, after the first blossom-
ing, such flowers turn into the commonest
weeds—but you must run your chance—you
can't have ragout and syllabub in the same
dish! You have grown steadily tired of the
taste of ragout—I only hope the syllabub
won't turn sour."

"How cynical you are," returned he, in
an irritated tone.

"Men always say that, when one takes
the trouble to tell them the truth, I ob-
serve."

"I wish there was no such thing as truth,"
said Thorman.

"I don't deny it," she replied, quickly.
For an instant her lip quivered, but the
brief emotion passed, she went on in the
same careless voice. "I dare say I shall
envy you! I suppose when a man gets tired
of his syllabub, the babies are a great bless-
ing—and our American doves substitute in-
nocence and upper servants very quietly."

"I don't want."

"You needn't interrupt—I have reached
the children's chapter. I say the babies are
delightful, but they will grow to men and
women—and the first use they make of their
serpent teeth, is to sting one's dead heart
into new life and keener suffering."

"You are worse than Mephistopheles!"
he exclaimed, angrily.

She laughed outright.

"I should be sorry to lead such a tender
Faust astray! I wish no harm to you or
your Marguerite—but I am really afraid.
There are acids enough in her composition
to make your sweet drink most unpalatable
whey. There, I am sorry I said that! I
have been punishing her lately, for her im-
pertinence—it was too bad of me."

"She is dreadfully exacting and jealous,"
Thorman said, gloomily, with a man's true
lack of generosity.

Leonie's mood changed; if she could, she
would have said something that should have
eased the hurt her bitter speeches had made.

"Mr. Thorman," she said, seriously, "if
you go to work right, I believe you may be
tolerably happy and content. Go find her
and try to bring back her sunshine; it is
much to be loved—don't lose the oppor-
tunity."

"If I have found it," he muttered.

"You believed for a time that you had;
why, man, even a pleasant deception is bet-
ter than a blank! Keep to your illusions, if
they be such."

"To tell me that—at my age—when I
know how impossible it is to keep them from
slipping away."

"Then don't let this little idyl be an illu-
sion! I tell you the future is in your own
hands! Take what life offers, and don't
fret after the unattainable—you are not a
boy! I'll not talk to you any more to-night
—I feel bitter—I really envy you the peace
you may have."

He sent him away without the least hesi-
tation or ceremony.

"Go back to that pretty flower. I don't
want you, you don't want to stay; we are
two fools to stand here airing our cynicism
at each other's expense."

Then she began to say merry, witty
things, and sent him off laughing in spite of
himself.

"I wish the child had brains," she
thought, looking after him as he passed out

of the conservatory where she was stand-
ing. "But after all, it's better as it is. Of
course he'll get tired—a man! Bah, the
idea of being loved by such a hackneyed
heart as his! But where will one find a bet-
ter or as good, for he's worth more than any
other of his kind, that's certain."

She sat down on a low seat among the
flowers and forgot Thorman, Milly, and all
the world but herself. Her face darkened
and saddened, as it often did when she was
alone, and once she moaned bitterly—

"Oh, my lost youth—oh, my lost youth!"

She leaned her forehead against the glass,
and looked up at the clear, moonlit sky—it
looked so far off, so cold. There was no
comfort for her even in the future—the
forever itself seemed only a dreamy sound.

She heard some one enter the conserva-
tory; she was not alone; back to earth she
came, flashing at the foolish maid who had
interrupted her thoughts, a smile so dazzling
that it made him fairly dizzy.

"Come and say pretty things to me,"
cried she—then looked in his face, and ad-
ded carelessly: "Oh no, you are one of the
dancing set—very well, Mercury, take me
among them."

I suppose the fool was dreadfully puzzled,
and flattered, and confused, all at once. Mrs.
Dormer had a way of upsetting the brains
of the midges, and making them feel hor-
ribly uncomfortable and out of place; but
it was something to be seen talking and
dancing with a woman who was the rage,
and they admired her the more from the
fact that they could no more understand her
than they could an Egyptian hieroglyphic,
and that her talk was as unintelligible to
them as the complaint of a wood-thrush
would be to a flock of sparrows.

Thorman went in search of Milly; she
was talking to foolish Charley Wyde, who
saw her grow inattentive, and deaf, and
blind, looked up to see that Thorman was
near, and with a groan in his poor little
heart took himself out of the way, for fear
he should be mercilessly snubbed, as some-
times happened to him since this Milly had
changed so.

"Milly," said Thorman, "half our sun-
shine seems gone; is it wise to let these
shadows come between us?"

Her lips quivered, but she knew that he
had just left the Crocote—the knowledge did
not incline her to accept any share of the
blame.

"I have not brought them," she an-
swered, trying her best to look cold and
quiet, and to speak with indifference.

"No matter who has done it—they are
there, and they will make us both very un-
happy, if they are not swept away."

A few weeks ago Milly would have been

softened by those words and that tone—now
out of her new clear-sightedness, came the
thought—

"He talks to me as if I were a child, to
be lectured into obedience at his pleasure—I
will not endure it."

She did a very foolish and unworthy
thing, but painfully natural in her state of
mind—she gave a little hint to her fan, and
with a coquetry, which only Mrs. Dormer's
faded manner could have made graceful,
said—

"I have not complained of being un-
happy! Dear me, where has Charley Wyde
gone? He asked me to dance."

If there was any habit that girls have
which was utterly detestable to Thorman,
it was that of niggardizing their male ac-
quaintance—a little bit of bad taste of
which Milly was seldom guilty.

"She really has no heart," he thought;
"one can neither reason with her nor ap-
peal to her feelings! Am I always to be
disappointed and mistaken—in there no room
for me anywhere?"

"I promised him this winter," purred
Milly, arranging her hair; "how rude
he will think me! Which way did Charley
Wyde go, Mr. Thorman?"

"Perhaps you would like me to call him?"
suggested he, coldly.

"Glad to get away," thought Milly; "I'll
look him up—I feel it—I would do any-
thing!"

Milly clutched her fan tightly—it was a
relief, to hurt or spoil something—but she
had learned out of the experience of the
past weeks, to be a tolerable hypocrite.

"If you will be so good," said she, smil-
ing; "the room is cold when one sits still,
and I promised him this winter so faithfully—
oh, long ago—yesterday morning at the
concert."

Walter Thorman stared again at this new
Milly, who confronted him with those
guarded eyes and that icy smile, and had
found such pleasant meaning for her voice.

He was at a loss what to do or say under the
circumstances—but just then up came silly
Charley, to remind her of her pledge—very
nervous he was about it, for fear she should
refuse him and make him feel foolish before
Walter Thorman, whom he hated with all a
boy's passion, but unable to lose the chance
of being happy for a few moments.

"Will you—have you forgotten?" he
stammered, quite losing the ease of manner
for which our New York youth are so
famous, and which sometimes strikes one in
connection with pink cheeks and suspicious
of meanness, as ludicrously as it would to
hear a lamb growl.

"Oh, I never forget," returned Milly,
with a little laugh. Up she rose with a sin-
gle, sweeping out her skirts, and speaking
louder than was agreeable, took the arm
which Charley offered, trembling with de-
light and the added pleasure of taking her
away from that man, and Milly smiled de-
santly at Thorman, and floated off.

"Has she neither heart nor head?" thought
Walter Thorman. "Not even good man-
ners! Well, well, that I should live to this
age to be a greater fool than I was at twen-
ty! Actually to believe in a girl—I deserve
to be punished for my insanity, my idiotic
stupidity."

He fairly ground his teeth and felt inclin-
ed to do a little melodrama, till he remem-
bered where he was, and that it was not
worth while to amuse people by making him-
self ridiculous.

So he stood still for a few moments, then
took himself quietly out of the room and
went home to smoke many pipes and sulk
exceedingly, and recall every unpleasant
thing that had ever happened to him in the
whole course of his life; and when a man
remembers that he has so speedily reduced
himself into a sufficiently disgusted state of
mind with the world and existence in gen-
eral to have satisfied Diogenes himself.

Then he got to this latest disappointment
—this child whom he loved so tenderly,
mixed with so much of the patronizing feel-
ing and unconscious annoyance that were so
exasperating to the creature whom his love
had quickened into new powers of thought
and perception—and he grew more misan-
thropic still. He remembered the girl he
had fancied in his college days, when he was
not much wiser than Charley Wyde was
now; a girl, dead ages since, who living or
dead would have been only a pretty dream
to him; but he was in a mood to fancy other-
wise and to say with Owen Meredith—

"Ah well, the women free from faults,
Have beds beneath the willow."

But after a time the very unreasonableness
of his mood brought a reaction. He caught
sight of Milly's picture lying on the table—
the sweet young face with the faint shadow
of melancholy, like a premonition of a
mournful destiny, which made it different
from other girl-faces, looked up at him like
a reproach for having indulged in all those
old world memories and gone raking the dead
ashes up out of the dead past to sully the
present.

He began to study the picture—to be soft-
ened and encouraged by the beautiful cap-
abilities there were in the countenance, and
at last went to bed, determined to make one
more grand effort to set Milly right, to bring
the sunshine back to her face and secure to
himself peace and repose in her simplicity
and childlikeness.

To set Milly right, that was his thought;
so much he erred in the outset. Ah, we
men and women going out of our youth, the
faded, wasted youth that we have rendered

distorted and misshapen till we are glad to be rid of it, to bury it deep and get away from the lifeless thing that sits so with remorse on the white face of a friend whom he had wronged—how petty, how unjust we are toward those who are in the spring-time of feeling; how utterly we refuse to acknowledge that they can feel and comprehend long before we could reason about it, and so leave ourselves powerless to help their bewilderment even when we are willing so to do.

Milly, whirling through the walls, saw Thurman depart, and straightway her heart went down, down into the black depths, and she would gladly have given her soul to call him back just for one loving word, one gentle look. Then she hated herself and loathed Charles Wythe, and longed to dash her face in his face, and still she was whirling on through the dance and preserved a placid smile, for she was not a heroine in a three-volume romance—she was a poor, blind, foolish child with the woman too rudely working within her, living a real life and doomed to suffer its pangs, which are so terribly real, so mixed with much that is small, ludicrous and absurd, that they hurt all the more from being divested of half their dignity and weight.

Mrs. Gresham saw that Thurman was gone, and before long, feeling a little sleepy and cross—the supper was a failure, so she had her reasons for being misanthropic as well as any lover of them all—she insisted on taking Milly home, and when they were shut up in the carriage Mrs. Gresham fell to fault-finding, and Milly was flippant, and between them they made matters worse.

She had suspicions that things were not going quite smoothly between the engaged pair, and though she knew nothing, was inclined to blame Milly. She had already given her divers heavy codicils, which had produced the effect of making her more and more averse to the young man, and she had always been since the old days when Adam lectured Cain for indulging in a very unnatural and unworthy hatred of that disagreeable model of goodness, young Master Abel.

When they reached home, Mrs. Gresham found awaiting her one of those most unpleasant results of this rapid age—a telegram. She would be obliged to go to Baltimore on some tiresome business, and to start without delay. So she went to bed crosser than ever, as was pardonable I am sure.

The next day she started on her trip, taking Maud with her, having decided to remain a week and visit an old friend—the night as well get a little good, if possible, out of the bore and unpleasantness. But Milly could not be expected to stay shut up in the house during her absence, so she sent a note and asked silly, good-natured Mrs. Wallace to play chess for Milly's benefit, knowing very well that Thurman would be too busy with her studies, her hospital and her learned blue parties to remember Milly, and that Adelaide Ramsey was altogether too selfish and ill-natured even to make a pretense of promising to do so.

Hate is a spiteful jade, there is not the slightest doubt; when she wants completely to upset any little scheme of happiness we have on foot, she invariably arranges the most common-place incidents so as to help her black designs, and she was no better natured to Milly than she has proved to each of us in our time.

CHAPTER VIII.

Paul Andrews chose that very week to give one of his delightful dinners, and Mrs. Wallace was invited. He implored her to bring Milly, for he had a deep-seated spite against Thurman, and he knew nothing would vex him more than for the girl to accept the invitation.

You must remember Paul Andrews; he shot himself not long since, and as far as this world was concerned, it was the only wise thing he had done in years. He was as bad and thoroughly blasé—the word has become so English that you can excuse it—as a man could well be. His wife had been a gay, reckless creature—I dare say he ill-treated her—at all events, something drove her quite mad, and she ran off to Europe with a fellow a shade worse than her husband.

That is a very improper story, told in a few words as I could manage. Andrews got a divorce, but the affair had hurt him utterly, and it had not been for his family and his money. He had come back to New York to live, and besides his dreadfully disreputable and delightful masculine ragers, where there were much pun and high play, he would give dinner parties whereat he persuaded some one of his feminine relatives to preside, and many people would go—those people so insane after amusement, or so reckless, they would rush into the mouth of purgatory in search of that or a brief forgetfulness.

The dinners were charming, and Paul was an angel of a host, however much of a devil he might have been in his private capacity as a man, but I used to think I would rather see a sister or wife of mine dead than sitting at his table, looking at as he looked at all pretty women, and listening to the conversation that went on there, witty and brilliant as it was.

Mrs. Wallace was a sort of cousin of Paul's, a widow, rich and free to go where she pleased, and having known Paul in his young days when there was probably some good in him, she was ready to believe that he had been much injured and maligned, and that very likely he was no worse than other men, only he was not hypocrite enough to cover up his failings so carefully as they did, and keep the varnish of reputation without a crack.

She entered readily enough into Paul's scheme, the more so perhaps, because he knew that even the best-natured people work better for a reward, promised her, if she succeeded, a wonderful *romance* cabinet, on which she had long set her heart. It seemed to Mrs. Wallace the most delightful thing in the world to induce Milly to do something of which all her friends would disapprove—"a regular lark," she called it to Andrews, and set herself to work to bring about, for she had always envied Paul that marvellous cabinet, and he had been heretofore deaf to her entreaties and plans for getting possession of it.

But she failed utterly; Milly would not hear of the thing, and as last grew very indignant, and Mrs. Wallace could have cried with vexation; she did hate to be thwarted—and the cabinet was such a beauty.

"You're a foolish little kitten," said she. "Why, the Conways go, and Mrs. Dexter and Helen Taylor—dear me, you need not be so particular—poor dear Paul! Why, for that matter, I met Walter Thurman there

not long ago, and that widow woman with the crazy eyes—how she does flirt!"

Milly felt the fire in her heart blaze up with new fury, but she would ask no questions. Mrs. Wallace did not explain that it was only in the season she met Thurman there, when Milly had nothing to do with his proceedings. Like other people, she suspected the engagement, and let Milly think she had been there with Madame Santolina.

As for Leonie herself, she would have visited Satan if he had kept house within reach and she had thought proper, and moreover would have made people submit to it. But the truth was, she had not really known Paul Andrews when she accepted his invitation. She had been forced to be cruel to him a year before when he came to Louisville, where she was residing, and had tried to be civil by way of making amends, but for some time past they had not even been on speaking terms.

Mrs. Wallace pleaded as long as she dared, but Milly was firm, though it had flashed through her mind that it would be a fitting punishment to Walter for her to go, and coolly tell him that it was proper for him and Mrs. Dormer, she had concluded there could be no objection to her going also. But that was only a passing thought; consent she would not, and she reproached Mrs. Wallace for urging her.

"You know my aunt would not permit it. I think you do very wrong to propose taking me to a place of which she would not approve."

"Oh, Eliza Gresham always was terribly straight-laced," returned free and easy Mrs. Wallace, not in the least offended. "I thought you had more fun in you, and would like to go, just because you ought not. Poor Paul! he's not so black as he's painted, after all! People don't always get their deserts in this world; if they did, I'm afraid that wild-eyed Mrs. Dormer, Walter Thurman flirts so with, would be out of the pale more than Andrews is."

Milly listened eagerly, yet having the grace to blush at her own unwomanliness in being willing to hear the slanders Mrs. Wallace poured forth without the slightest scruple. Not that she disliked the widow, or believed half the things she was repeating; but she was an inveterate gossip from sheer idleness, and such a woman does a great deal more harm than your downright malicious scandal-monger—moreover, she was so vexed at losing the cabinet that it was a relief to abuse somebody.

"I vow Walter Thurman shouldn't go on so," she added. "You needn't pursue your mouth, Miss Pate; your aunt as good as told me you were engaged, the morning she went away. I'd bring him to terms if I were you! I was glad to see you flirt with Charles Wythe the other night. I think it touched my Lord Walter."

Milly felt bitterly glad—yes, wickedly glad—with that horrible exultation we have at the success of a plan which wounds what we love, while it stings our own souls. He should feel, feel to the core of his heart, that she was not a baby to be punished and sent into a corner. So people noticed his conduct—oh, she would beat him at his own game!

And there Mrs. Wallace sat, inventing things, giving a significance to speeches that was never meant, yet not intending to do any real harm—only stirring Milly up, as she would have expressed it, for her own amusement, by way of a little amends for the disappointment of being forced to tell Paul that she had failed in her scheme.

"Well, Milly, I shall say no more," she exclaimed, at last. "Put up with Thurman's conduct, if you choose—meekness is interesting—but thank Heaven, I have a will of my own! Why, when I was your age, I would have done anything for an evening's sport! Your aunt would never know it; but let the matter go—do as you please. I stand by Paul Andrews; I always shall! When a man begins to go down in the world, there is some merit in keeping to your friendship for him."

She let fly a few more shafts at Thurman and Mrs. Dormer, and went her way. But in spite of Milly's determination—stupid obstinacy, she called it—she said to Andrews:

"Keep a place at table—I shouldn't wonder, after all, if I brought her at the last moment."

All the things that had been said rankled in Milly's mind, and made her more angry with Thurman—but the idea of going to the dinner did not in the least possess her.

It was the very day of the party; Mrs. Wallace had given up her lingering hope, and Paul Andrews had resigned himself to being unable to spite the man he detested, and to endure the smart which the most hardened animal does when perceiving that some innocent creature shrinks from him.

Milly wanted to see Thurman; a change had come over her; had he appeared at that moment, she would have forgotten his sins and been remorseful over her own errors and short-comings. She wrote a little note to him, and gave a servant directions to take it to his hotel.

Now Caesar inherited a full share of the indolence so bountifully bestowed upon the children of Ethiopia; he felt no desire for a walk that day, so he gave the note to a coffee-colored friend of his, who had dropped in to pay him a visit, and who must pass Thurman's lodgings on his way home. Fascinating Hecate would have left the dainty-looking billet as he promised, but he was beguiled into seeing a salmon-colored lady of his acquaintance, whom he chanced to meet, safe to her dwelling, and the note remained forgotten in his coat-pocket.

Milly waited and waited—the day was passing; no answer—no message. She rang the bell to inquire if her letter had been taken at once. The girl went to ask Caesar, and came back with the positive assurance that it had been attended to without any delay.

Still Thurman did not make his appearance; Milly had leisure to pass through a thousand changes of feeling. She cried with disappointment; she grew angry; she excused him only to blame him the more a moment later; then she cried again, and after those last tears, felt harder and more resentful than ever. If he had even answered her note, offering any excuse whatever for his refusal of her request; but to be treated with this complete indifference was too much for Milly to bear.

It was quite late in the day when Mrs. Wallace's carriage stopped at the door, and the servant came up with a message. Would she go and drive?—if so, make haste down.

Milly did not wait to think that she was in no mood to endure anybody's society; she threw on her cloak and hat and ran down stairs.

"Actually here!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace. "Milly, you are an angel not to have kept me waiting."

Milly laughed disdainfully; the color came back to her cheeks; she stepped into the carriage, and off they drove. Mrs. Wallace talked about the dinner—regretted that she could not have Milly with her—but the girl was too busy with her own thoughts to pay much attention to the remarks or her own answers. They took a few turns about the park; then Mrs. Wallace complained of feeling chilly, and they drove back through the avenue.

"I want to stop at Mrs. Lindsey's a moment," Mrs. Wallace said. "I'll not make a call—I have something to tell her."

Milly refused to accompany her, so Mrs. Wallace left her in the carriage and went upon her errand. Milly sat looking through one of the windows, watching the gay equipages dash past, thinking how contented everybody looked, and wondering why the change in her life which had promised such happiness should have brought her so much trouble; wondering, fretting and bemoaning her wretchedness, as we all do, without having the slightest idea that her own actions could in the least have mended matters.

Suddenly down the avenue passed two people on horseback, riding fast, talking and laughing gayly—it was Leonie Dormer and Walter Thurman. One look and they were gone, and there Milly sat, the blood turning to ice about her heart, and her head reeling till the long rows of houses seemed tottering and ready to mingle in one common ruin.

Do you know what it is to be frantically, insanely jealous? To go so mad that for the time you would sell body and soul to be avenged? If not, pray to God that you may keep you from such frenzy and the calamities you may bring upon yourself under its influence!

Milly sat with her hands clenched, her teeth set hard together, her eyes blazing with a light that had never before shone in them; her whole mind lost in the fierce whirl which shook her frame. Back came the widow, and away they drove through the gathering twilight. Mrs. Wallace rattling on with some wonderful tale she had heard during her call, till at length Milly interrupted her by exclaiming suddenly—

"I will go with you to this dinner."

"Oh, you darling girl, I am so glad! Now you are behaving sensibly! Your aunt will never know it."

Little cared Milly if the whole world knew it. What were any consequences that might arise to her? Walter Thurman should be made to feel—that was all her thought; the worse the place, the greater his suffering. Go! Why should she have gone if a friend had guarded the door and claimed her soul as a forfeit?

"You shall have a charming evening," pursued Mrs. Wallace. "Wear that blue dress and silver wreath you had on at my house."

"I'll go," repeated Milly, in the same defiant tone; "I'll go."

They reached the corner of the street where Mrs. Wallace lived.

"Let me out here," said Milly; "I'll walk home."

"It's only a step—better drive."

"No, no; I want to walk—I will walk," returned Milly.

"I shall call for you at half-past seven precisely," said Mrs. Wallace. "Now look you best! How lucky that poor Maud went with her mother—you'll have nobody to watch you."

Milly was out of the carriage before it had fairly stopped, and hurrying along without a word of parting she was mad, thought Mrs. Wallace. "What has come over her to put her in this state? She must have seen or heard something of Thurman that has thrown her into a fever. Well, I don't care what it is—she's going! Mr. Paul Andrews, the sooner you send me that cabinet the better—I have kept my word. I do hate to be beaten!"

She drove on home in the best possible spirits, debating in which particular room she should place her long wished-for treasure, laughing when she thought how furious Walter Thurman would be at hearing of Milly at the dinner, and heart of it he would—Paul Andrews would take care of that. Of any evil consequence to Milly, beyond a lecture, she never dreamed; she only looked at the sport and the mischief, and was as happy as a boy over a pocket full of stolen apples.

Milly got into the house and up to her room. She took no time to think—think indeed! You might as well have asked red hot lava to pause for reflection, as her dizzy mind! She dressed herself—she was looking more beautiful than she had ever done in her life—this culmination of the excitement of the past weeks in such a mad frenzy had done its work.

Beautiful she was, but not like the dreaming, romantic Milly of so brief a time back. To one who understood what made the change, there would have been something pitiful in the eager face with its flashing eyes, the defiant spots on either cheek, and the hard, defiant smile on the lips that had lately been so tender and tremulous.

Half-past seven came very soon—the carriage was at the door. Mrs. Wallace had come into the house to be certain that Milly was dressed to please her, and as the girl ran down stairs with her opera cloak on her arm, Mrs. Wallace exclaimed aloud at her loveliness.

"You were always pretty," cried she enthusiastically; "but to-night you are absolutely beautiful!"

Milly jested and laughed, and the false excitement supported her until it was too late to retreat or think—she was in Paul Andrews's drawing-room—he was holding her hand—looking into her face with those bold, bold eyes—uttering fustian compliments.

Then her reason came back; she felt herself grow weak and faint—what had she done! She looked around at the people; men whom she met at balls, those known to her as reckless and dissipated; women with some of whom she was not on speaking terms; others with whom she acknowledged acquaintance, protected by their husband's names, and everybody looking a little curiously at her, as if wondering by what chance she was there.

Milly's rage and jealousy could not keep up their fever heat any longer. She was glad to creep into a chair and do her best to keep her teeth from chattering with the sudden chill that had crept over her, unable to talk to those who approached, transformed at once into so commonplace a girl of the shy genus that Paul Andrews looked at her in disgust, and would have been ready to throttle Mrs. Wallace for cheating him out of his cabinet, only that she consoled herself by thinking it was in his power to trouble Thurman and the woman whom he had grown to hate. Nor did Milly improve when the party were seated at table. The color would not come back to her cheeks, nor the

light to her eyes. The jostle at which the others laughed puzzled her, or dimly understood, made her shiver with disgust. She was seated near Andrews, but after trying for a little to talk with her he gave up in a rage, wondering what people saw in the wasted Helen Taylor, in spite of her being somewhat pale, was worth twenty of her.

It seemed to Milly that they sat at table a lifetime—it was all like a bad dream to her. The noise, the laughter, the quantity of wine the men drank—the careless freedom of the women—all impossible.

When at last they rose, she sat near Mrs. Wallace and begged to be allowed to go home, but her friend would not listen to it, and Paul Andrews happening to hear the request said in an injured way—

"I am sorry you so soon repent having honored my house with your presence, Miss Crofton."

Of course she had to try to set matters right, but succeeded only indifferently.

"I am too stupid even to be polite," she said at last, beginning to laugh for fear she should cry.

"Come let me show you a Correggio in the library," he said, offering her his arm, and she was obliged to go with him, thinking Mrs. Wallace would follow. She did not, and Andrews stood talking with her a few seconds about the picture, then he said—

"I must go back to those tiresome people; stay here till you are rested, Miss Crofton."

He went out of the room; and Milly, glad to be alone, sat down by the table and leaned her aching head on her hand. She was aroused by the opening of a door—not the one by which they had entered—a door that led to some apartments at the back of the house. She saw a man approaching her, and looked up wondering, for she could not recollect having seen his face among the guests, nor was he dressed in evening costume.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Crofton," he said, in a low, silky voice, that struck unpleasantly on her ear, in spite of its melodious sweetness. "I was unable to appear at dinner, and my friend Andrews promised that I should have an opportunity to speak to you for a moment."

Milly looked at him in wonder; she could not well feel terror, with the people she had left only across the hall.

"To speak with me?" she repeated, shrinking instinctively from the handsome, dissipated face and the wicked black eyes turned upon her. "I do not know you, sir, or what you can have to say to me."

"A few words will tell that," he replied, laughing a little. "You are engaged to Walter Thurman?"

Milly rose, in anger, and interrupted him. "If it were true, I do not choose to discuss my private affairs with a stranger," said she.

"I think you will be glad to listen," he answered, quietly. "I know that you are engaged; but I know, too, that Leonie Dormer saw him often than you do."

Milly stood white and breathless, listening eagerly enough now.

"No matter what my reasons are for warning you," he went on; "I do so, and I choose to give you a spell that shall render that woman powerless to harm you. As for the man—well, girl-like, you will not believe till you find him out for yourself."

Milly's trembling lips tried to frame a question, but were mute.

"Look here," he said, lifting his hand. Milly saw Leonie Dormer's emerald flashing on it. "The first time she annoys you, say to her, 'Thurman, or who you will, that Philip Yates, you know, has guarded her gift carefully, for you saw it on his hand—remember that!'"

He passed out of the room without another word, leaving Milly stupefied with astonishment. Presently she began to be afraid at the solitude of the sombre apartment, and hurried out, never stopping till she was at Mrs. Wallace's side, once more insisting that she must and would go home.

"Why, nobody will go these two hours," said her silly adviser.

"You needn't go—the carriage is here; only let them take me," pleaded Milly; "I can't stay—I'm ill."

She looked so in truth—and Mrs. Wallace began to grow a little frightened, and anxious to be rid of any responsibility. The carriage was ordered—somebody, Milly never knew who, took her out; and Andrews said to his cousin—

"It's a dead loss! I hope your house will burn up the night you get the cabinet! Still, I think I have settled Walter Thurman and the widow."

Mrs. Wallace was curious to know what he meant, but he would give no explanation, and as soon forgot her wish in the pleasing excitement of what.

The instant Milly reached home she rushed upstairs and flung herself on her bed, unable to support herself a moment longer. All she had gained by the step, which in her fury she had fancied was to be so great a triumph over Thurman, was that intense pain in her head and that intolerable fear of her adventure being discovered. She had not even had the excitement which supports young women in novels when guilty of some outrageous freak; there had been no pleasure, no success; she had not been a sort of drawing-room meteor to Paul Andrews and his guests; she had sat among them pale and stupid as an overgrown school-girl suffering from shyness and too much plum cake.

Verily, Milly's first taste of sterner fruits had not been sweet; the apples of Sodom had turned to ashes on her lips before she could so much as get a single taste of their fabled luscious sweetness.

There she lay on her bed and shook and shivered, and could only get warm as she remembered Paul Andrews's false smile, or the echo of some of those horrid jests haunted her—then she seemed burning up with sudden shame, and fairly wished the floor might open, let her away down into the dark, and hide her forever from her fear and humiliation.

When that crisis passed she could remember the mysterious warning the stranger had spoken, and feel her wrath toward Mrs. Dormer and her desire to be revenged sweep so violently over her soul, that it was fairly like a spasm of insanity.

"I am glad I went," she cried in a quick reaction of sentiment; "glad, glad! Now I know that he is false—oh, I knew it before, only I lied to myself and would not believe—foul, miserable little fool! But she shall feel—if there is any capability of feeling in her! I'm not likely to forget his words—he needs have been afraid! I wish it was day—I wish I stood face to face with them both! Oh, I shall go mad, mad!"

So Milly battled with her demons, and yielded to the fierce whippers of her jealousy and her rage, till when day came, it

seemed as if weeks would have been spent in that vigil, the pale, girlish face looked so worn and seemed with misery and passion. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 20, 1879.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$6.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Club subscribers who wish the Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for two dollars.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at \$2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and \$60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The list may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Sample of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent free to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
819 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers up to January.

Still, as the extra edition may not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

The recent earthquake was not felt in Philadelphia, its force having been exhausted upon our Northern and Western brethren. A little village like Philadelphia was probably considered not worth notice. Well, we are content. Obscurity has its pleasures as well as its pains. We are willing, in this respect, to be considered "no great shakes."


At New York, however, the quaking was something terrible—at least if one might judge by some of the accounts. For instance, the *New York World* begins its report as follows:—

For thirty seconds yesterday New York was weak-kneed, and for five minutes its steadiness was gone. Tenement houses gave up their dead, and tall manufactories were emptied of their nervous workers; chairs oscillated, and chandeliers were alive; clocks stopped, and tables took dancing lessons. Brooklyn was in a paroxysm, and trembled from Red Hook to the Wallabout; the Palisades were for once uneasy; "the mountains skipped like lambs," the little hills like lumps. "Twas but for thirty seconds, it is true, but for thirty seconds New York was conscious of an earthquake, and, with a satisfied tremble, felt that at last she was quite equal to San Francisco."

Of course it would not do for New York to be behindhand in earthquakes or in anything else. But we do not read of any building having tumbled down, or even any chimney—although we read that at one printing establishment, "the printers and others employed were almost pained with fright."

A looker-on in Chestnut street finds fault with our prediction that the pavement they are now putting down in front of Independence Hall will only last three years. He says that at the rate they are going on, they will be full three years in putting it down.

A young lady of twelve, Miss M. A. B., sends us two clubs from South Pass, Illinois—and gets THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND and two engravings as her reward. We should think a good many boys and girls of that age could do the same, if they had the requisite energy and persistency.



TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer
3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING.

As follows: We began an admirable Novel called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY, BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

in the paper of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all NEW subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.

We expect to have enough extra papers to supply all comers UP TO JANUARY—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) \$3.50.	
2 copies, \$4.00.	
3 " (and one extra) 6.00.	
4 " (and one extra) 8.00.	
5 " (and one extra) 10.00.	
6 " (and one extra) 12.00.	
7 " (and one extra) 14.00.	
8 " (and one extra) 16.00.	
9 " (and one extra) 18.00.	
10 " (and one extra) 20.00.	

One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 4.00.

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.

Our NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING for next year is a beautiful plate called "The Sisters." It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, G. F. Doo—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a Club! Club Subscribers who with the Premium Engraving must send one dollar extra. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for two dollars.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more new subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the list, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend. TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all! And those sending their names by the first of December, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making thirteen months in all!

A MESSAGE.

"After the battle of Fribourg a French officer of the Calvados was found dead, with a letter, which was copied in his hand.—John Bull, Sept. 8.

It was only a crumpled letter,
In a careless, girlish hand;
It was only a childish message
From the sun-kissed, southern land.
It was only a brief memorial
Of the tears the absent shed;
It was a trifle from the living,
But a message to the dead!

"Father, dear, you are gone to battle,
But I think incessantly,
As I miss your morning blessing,
What your sufferings must be!"
So she wrote, and so he held it,
With a blessing on her head,
When the token of the living
Was a message to the dead!

"I'm so good, dear—oh, so steady—
You would wish me to be so;
If I'm quiet half your dangers
Dear mamma need never know.
So, good-by, papa! God bless you!
Guard and keep you evermore:—
See! I send you fifty kisses
From an ever-ready store!"

It was only a crumpled letter
In a dead man's hand that day,
Just to show how hearts were aching
In his own land far away.
It was only a loving message
From a loving child that sped,
But the words the living peevish
Were a message to the dead!

Take it not then from his fingers,
Lay it with him in the grave,
If it be a consolation,
'Tis the latest he will have.
For I think the bullet reached him
As the tender words were read;
So that when the angels told it,
'Twas no message to the dead!

The Lovers of Bologna.

The traveller who now visits the thriving city of Bologna, with its wide thoroughfares and rich colonnades, could scarcely picture to himself the Bologna of the thirteenth century. The patriotic, intelligent, and industrious inhabitants still cherish the recollection of that independence for which their ancestors struggled, and still cling to their old motto of "Libertas." But as we stand in that ancient city, in the fertile plain at the foot of the Apennines, we are reminded of the words of the great English historian of the middle ages, who tells us that, in the Italian republics, "a splendid temple may seem to have been erected to liberty; but, as we approach, the serpents of faction hiss around her altar, and the form of tyranny flits among the distant shadows behind the shrine."

The Ghermel in 1273, had for years been at the head of the Guelph or Church party in Bologna. They could trace their descent from Duke Sergio, through Ghermel, Count of Ghisole, who lived in 1021, in the territory of Forlimpopoli, and Giovanni di Rambertino de' Ghermel, who, in 1153, was admitted to the office of podesta of Bologna.

In electing this last-named noble to be their original judge and preserver of their peace, the citizens could not foresee the misery which his descendants, at the head of the most powerful faction, could bring upon the republic more than a hundred years afterwards. The Lambertazzi were the leaders of the Ghibellin or Imperial party, and were sprung from Pietro, Duke of Marquis. At the time of which we write, these nobles were allowed no prominent part in the administration of the republic. Yet, notwithstanding that hatred of the nobility which characterized all the free towns of the thirteenth century, and notwithstanding the especially democratic spirit which manifested itself earliest in Bologna, the Ghermel and the Lambertazzi maintained their influence over their respective factions. The members of both families sat in the same councils, and the republic had hitherto succeeded in containing them within the circuit of the same walls, and in repressing the hatred which they showed to one another on every occasion.

Imelda was the daughter of Orlando Lambertazzi, and was very beautiful. Her dark eyes and pensive countenance had captivated Bonifacio, the son of Ghermel de' Ghermel; and she loved the young man passionately. The manner in which they became acquainted is not related by the historians of the country. From her earliest childhood she must have heard her own people converse constantly upon the plots and deeds of the great Guelph family. The renowned preacher had passed away from Bologna, but she would have been told of Fra Giovanni's attempts to reconcile the rival factions; and with her feminine piety and youthful zeal—fostered doubtless by the teaching of those mendicant friars whose orders were, in her time, free from the corruptions which they showed in after ages—she may have cherished the thought that by her means peace would be established between her father and the Ghermel. She must have seen Bonifacio at the public processions in which their families took part. Perhaps, as wondering children, they had, eight years previously, looked at each other from opposite sides of the square, when four thousand citizens left to join the Crusade; or they may have met later—at the foundation of the church of San Giacomo; or at the burial of King Henricus, who had been kept prisoner by the Guelph party ever since his defeat at Fossalta. Their love increased with their years. Their parents could not have suspected the passion entertained by the children, as they would have considered it impossible that the old animosity did not live in the breast of every man, woman, or child of the Guelph and Ghibellin. But the handsome Bonifacio forgot the mutual hatred of their houses, and was prepared to run any risk for one glance from the bright eyes of Imelda Lambertazzi.

Their affection blinded them to the consequences of a discovery of their clandestine meetings; and Imelda one day consented to receive her lover in her father's house. Bonifacio, unarmed, followed her footsteps to her apartment. All the lady's attendants being absent, the lovers thought themselves secure from intrusion; and, perhaps, conversed of plans for the reconciliation of their parents, and hopes of a bright future, whilst they were thus happy in the belief that they were concealed from all eyes, a spy had detected them. This man was one of a number such as the Lambertazzi would always retain in their employ to watch the

movements of the Ghermel, and would be trained to such a service to hate the latter to his bitterest foe. The brothers of the lady were occupying in the house of the Ghermel, and the same adherents of the Ghibellin lost no time in carrying to them the tidings of their sister's frailty. Imelda and Bonifacio were heard the Lambertazzi approaching, heated with wine, cursing their sister's treachery, and threatening death to the heir of Ghermel.

Now had the Ghibellin, after having been defeated in so many hard fights, the opportunity of paying off the old score. When, in that moment, there flashed upon them the recollection of the slaughter at Fossalta, the long captivity of Henricus, and the frustrated plans for the escape of the Ghibellin leader, who now slept free from party strife in the church of St. Dominic, it was sweet to know that at last the Guelph was in their power. It was the work of an instant for Bonifacio to urge Imelda to seek refuge in flight. Hardly had she obeyed when her brothers rushed furiously into the apartment, and behold their enemy. The Lambertazzi, who had been soldiers of the Cross, had learnt too well from the Saracens the use of the poisoned dagger, which the fanatic followers of the Old Man of the Mountain used as their sole weapon. One of them struck Bonifacio in the breast, and making one large frightful wound, plunged the dagger to his heart. Then they dragged the body to a deserted courtyard, not far from the room, and hid it in a drain by covering it with rubbish. Soborners and discretion returned with the completion of their terrible work. They consulted their own safety, considering that the officers of the podesta, or the friends of their victim, would be equally dangerous to them; so they hastened from the city.

Imelda, from her hiding place, heard no cry. The deed was done too suddenly for alteration. The fatal blow was given too quickly for her to hear her lover's voice. Trembling she listened for a sign of some struggle. Bonifacio was strong and might resist. But then she remembered he was unarmed. The silence was at length broken. She heard footsteps passing slowly, heavily. Then they were gone. Could she venture to come from her place of concealment? It were better, perhaps, to wait a moment longer. But they returned more hurriedly than before. What could have been done? A murmuring sound reached her ears, and she caught the words "pursuit," "Ghermel." The voices grew fainter and fainter, and all was again silent.

Then she came from her asylum. She looked around, and saw no one. Quickly she rushed to her room, calling upon him who could never again answer her. The apartment was deserted, but the blood upon the floor told her that there was but little hope. She did not weep. She would seek her Bonifacio even through the city—even at the gate of the great Guelph house, the home whither he might have dragged himself. She would heal his wounds, or at least, would be with him should he die. But the crimson stream went beyond her room, and into the corridor. She followed the drops of blood on still farther, and then came to the place of her lover's hasty burial. She dashed away the rubbish with which he was covered. His body was still warm. The blood still issued from the great wound. She had heard three years earlier how Edward of England had been saved; and she had listened with admiration to the Crusaders who had returned to the city, and who had told the story of the devotion of the tender Eleanor. Could she, by sucking the venom from this wound, restore her Bonifacio? This was the only treatment which left her some hope. She threw herself on his body, and sucked the poisoned blood from his breast. Her efforts were unavailing, and she grew weaker. The large eyes no longer kept back their tears. As the venom was communicated to her veins, she gave full vent to her grief for her lost darling. And when her women came to seek her, they found her lifeless; and saw that in her dying moments she had folded about her the arms of him whom she had loved too well.

Thus ended one act of the tragedy in the death of these unfortunate lovers, the fair and lovely Imelda Lambertazzi, and the brave and noble youth Bonifacio, the son of Ghermel de' Ghermel, chief of the great Guelph party or faction in Bologna. There is no reason to doubt the historical accuracy of the narrative of these Bolognese lovers which we have here placed before our readers. The history of their love and their tragic fate forms one of the most picturesque scenes recorded in the archives of the beautiful city in which they dwelt—united by their love for each other, divided by the hostility which arrayed their respective houses one against the other in rivalry and savage hate, which nothing less than the ruin of the fair city of Bologna could finally quench.

The rest of the story may be briefly told. These "poor sacrifices to the enmity" of the two houses did not abate the hatred of the Ghermel and the Lambertazzi, who could no longer be restrained by laws. They both allied themselves with people who had hitherto been the enemies of their country. The Ghermel united themselves to the Modenesi, whilst their opponents sought the help of the inhabitants of Faenza and Forl. Both factions tried to make the citizens adopt their enemies or their allies; and the Ghermel, as a signal of a speedy expedition against the towns of Romagna, took a triumphal chariot to the public square of Bologna, and there the Lambertazzi attacked them. On this square, or round about the fortified palaces of the chiefs of the two parties, the fighting continued without cessation for forty days. Torrents of blood ran in the city, and by degrees the friends of the murdered Bonifacio made themselves masters of all the fortresses of the Lambertazzi. Never in any civil war was the abuse of victory carried farther. The Ghermel drove from Bologna all the Ghibellin party; they pillaged their houses, which they laid even with the ground. Thus was the "score" laid upon the hate" of the rival factions.

This page of the history of Bologna is closed. Twelve thousand Ghibellins fled for refuge to the towns of Romagna, and looked back upon their ruined towers, fallen through the fatal love of Imelda Lambertazzi.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—Those who imagine that the French Revolution originated among the lower orders, grossly deceive themselves. Ideas always come from above. It was not the people who made the Revolution—it was the nobility, the clergy, and the thinking portion of the nation. Superstitions, sometimes have their birth amongst the people,—philosophies are born only amongst the heads of society.—Lamartine.

Influence of War Upon the Weather.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF FACTS.

The following article is by the correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from Frankfurt-on-the-Main:

Since the commencement of actual hostilities between Germany and France, that is, from about the first week in August to the present time, we have had in this part of Germany scarcely a day without rain, generally continuous, and often accompanied with thunder storms. This phenomenon has called the attention of the German press to the subject, and some valuable historical facts connected therewith have been brought to light; and there appears to be little doubt, judging from the data on hand, that the many storms and rains which we have had in Germany for the past six weeks—a most unusual thing at this season here—have been brought on by the cannonading and firing of small arms in Alsace and Lorraine.

The Ungarische Lloyd, in an interesting article, says that the history of the wars of the last eighty years are full of accounts of the great meteorological changes which have followed violent engagements in war. In the history of the 1790 invasion of the allied German army in France we are told how great were the difficulties which met both parties. On the clay soil of Champagne uncommonly violent rain storms hindered the dragging on of the guns and ammunition, which had to be left by the withdrawing German army. In the battles of 1813-1815 the weather was always one of the most important factors. In the battle of Katsbach, it is reported that great numbers of the French lost their lives in this little Silesian mountain stream, swollen by the rains that had just fallen; that by Dresden the continuous rains and consequently had hindered the operations of the allies, and almost every child knows, from Victor Hugo's story, that it rained heavily at Waterloo; the roads had been rendered almost impassable, and the Prussian help, in spite of all exertions, was too long in coming up.

The Germans bring to mind some very interesting American experiences. In 1891 Lewis called attention in Sullivan's American Journal to the fact that violent rains and heavy cannonading appeared to stand in intimate connection. He said (I quote the German): "In October, 1893, I observed a very plentiful rain immediately after the cannonading which took place in celebrating the connecting of Lake Erie with the Hudson. I published my observations on this event in the year 1894, expressing the opinion that the firing of heavy guns produces rain in the neighborhood. After the first battle in the last war between France, Sardinia and Austria, there followed such important rains that even small rivers were impassable, and during the great battle of Solferino there broke out such a violent storm that the fighting was interrupted. In July, 1861, McClellan's troops on the upper Potomac had four separate engagements on four days, and before the close of each violent rain fell. On the 21st of July Bull Run was fought in Virginia, and on the 23d rain fell the whole day till late at night." Under the heading, "Can we produce rain when and where we like?" the Cincinnati Woodchuck Volksblatt for the 10th of July, 1863, remarked: "The cannonading (during the war) on the York River and James River, as well as the cannonading of Corinth and on the Mississippi, were followed by such fearful storms that the land was inundated."

The Bohemian campaign of 1896 was accompanied during the whole course by violent rains. After the battle of Koniggratz violent rain storms hindered the harvest from being properly garnered. The letters of the soldiers in the field in the present war are full of accounts of "sleeping on the wet ground," and complaints of an inclemency of the weather. The 5th of August following the battle of Wismenburg, was intensely warm, as the writer of this can testify, as he waited at one of the Frankfurt open depots for the arrival of the first batch of captured Frenchmen. The night of the 5th was rainy, and the morning following the battle of Werth, when the telegrams of victory came, found the streets full of water-pools and the sky overcast with gray, heavy clouds. Since then we have not had six fine cloudless days. "From the 5th to the 31st of August," says the Illustrirte Zeitung, "it rained every day, often accompanied by thunder, and these continuous and violent rains have caused great damage in those districts where harvest was not in before the 5th; the corn has been washed out, the straw has been rotted, and the crops have no more value."

The bombardment of Strasbourg is accompanied by the grandest meteorological prodigies. The thunder of the cannon, the blazing of the houses, and the curve fires of the shells are often intermingled with the roar of thunder and the flashing of lightning. The storms seem to come from the Voges, to break over the doomed city, and then spread over the valley from the Rhine to the Schwarzwald, where the grass and trees are almost as green as in spring; and it is well known that when the war was declared Baden, Alsace and France were suffering from drought. Great rains fell in Hungary on the 15th of August, the day after the first battle around Metz. In Germany the grapes will be spoiled unless the sun shines with its usual power. We are inclined to think that the storms here are caused by the firing in Alsace, and up to a week ago by the bombardment of Strasbourg. For the past three or four days finer weather has set in, and it is a fact that the firing at Strasbourg is no longer carried on so strongly, the King having sent orders that the city should now be spared as much as possible from shells. We have had thunder storms here which surpassed in grandeur and power everything in the experience of the "oldest inhabitants."

Eating too Little.

Eat food enough to give the stomach work to do. Many men and women eat too much, as we all know. But there are those also who eat too little, and not a few of them, either. College students, boarding themselves, housekeepers in straitened circumstances, dyspeptics, dreading the pains that follow digestion, often starve themselves. Taking the community through, men and women, old and young, it is probable that quite as many suffer from insufficient food, as from the cravings of unassisted digestion, as from repletion. While some laborers go to rest "cramped with discomfort bread," many who work hard with the brain or the muscle, feel when they lie down the gnawings of wretched hunger. Plenty of food is a first requisite for a healthy stomach.

What is it you must keep after giving it to another?—Your word.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

"Good-for-nothing little son,
Papa tells me; for fun,
I deem—for me, as you say
I dood for samun all as day."
And so you are, my precious one,
Full of mischief, love and fun;
Good to fill our house with joy,
Our darling little blue-eyed boy!
Good to snicker up the room;
Good to ride outside the room;
Good to tip my basket o' woe;
Rolling spoons about the floor;
Good to pull the baby's hair;
And make a home of every chair;
Good to tumble on the floor,
And shut poor fingers in the door;
Good to wear out little shoes,
And mamma's wax and thimble lose;
Good "dear dapples" open to hide,
And on his foot to "take a ride";
Good when let out doors to play,
To open the gate and run away;
Good to watch for "papa" time,
And clap your hands when he gets home.
Good to climb upon his knee,
And laugh and shout with boyish glee;
Good when worried out with play,
Your head on mamma's lap to lay,
Quite ready now to be undressed,
And in her arms be lulled to rest.
By stories which you like so well,
Of "Jack and Gill" and "Ding-dong-bell";
Good, are cuddling down to sleep,
To pray the Lord your soul to keep;
Good to wake up with the day,
And fold your little hands and say:
"Dear Dad, do be my dear mamma,
My baby sister, and papa,
And little Willie, too, I pray,
And keep as safe too-out on day."
Ah! good for many things thou art,
Our bonny boy with blithesome heart,
Mischievous and merry play;
Our "good-for-nothing little son,"
As papa calls you, "for fun."

Migratory Husbands.

BY SUSAN SHAFER.

I never had one of them, thank heaven, but I know they must be dreadful—these heads of families who are forever popping up in new localities, with a "Lo! I'll build here. Here's a rising bit of property!" or, "This old cottage I'll renovate—clap on a wing and a piazza, live in it six months, and sell out at a bargain." Then those husbands who are forever shifting their business from place to place—now to a village—now to a city—now to the backwoods: a delightful time must their wives have of it! Never mind how faithful, devoted, and enterprising a woman may be, it's a great trial for her to be continually pulling up stakes, and tearing away home-tendrils, even if her migratory spouse is in other respects the best in the world. I'd like to see the person who told me that I wouldn't go with John if he decided to set up a soda fountain in the desert of Sahara. No, I'd go; but I'd suffer in the going, though I told my woe not even to old Cheops himself. But what if, instead of one grand move, he flitted about like a grasshopper? What if he tried Bloomfield, and Flatbush, and Woodside, and Harlem, and a dozen other places, from the coming of the first nursery tooth to the going away of the last nursery maids? What if he dipped the children into twenty schools, filled every April air with mournful farewells to all our neighbors, and kept the parlor carpets in a perpetual spasm of contraction and expansion? Would I be the blessed, happy woman that I am? Would I be thin, weary and heart-sore, and the children, morally, just little wails made of the shreds and patches of many villages? Certainly. Established smiles are all very well; but your oak don't hop about. They stand still and give the clinging vines a chance to take root beside them.

Only yesterday, while shopping in town, I chanced to find myself in a street car beside a man and a stout woman engaged in earnest conversation. His was a thin, flushed face, with restless eyes, and lips that asked "Why?" "Who?" "Where?" even when they were silent. Her's was soft, fleshy, massive, and its little eyes were full of temporary affability and interest. He evidently was speaking of some recent bereavement, while the lady leaning toward him wore a sort of wash of deep feeling which was "not a dye," though it gave her a hue of sympathy quite proper in a street car. Presently I caught the words:

"She was indeed. You lost a treasure when you lost her."

"Yes, and a wonderful creature for moving about," pursued the man with deep feeling.

"It didn't make any difference—you could take that woman and set her down anywhere!"

His eyes filled with tears, and I looked out of the window—sorry for his sake, but glad that the angels had taken at least one poor woman away from a migratory husband.

The country abounds with these naturalized Bedouins. I say nothing against men who go North, South, East or West, and settle. They are the nerves of the body politic, and indispensable to our new civilization. But I do feel impelled to quote mother's favorite expression, and whisper to hundreds of men almost within hearing distance at this moment: "Do stay put." For the sake of wives, home, children, yourselves, take root somewhere. Help to build up in America the beautiful homestead feeling common to Europeans and almost unknown to us. Let your very capings understand that in time they are to shade your great-grand children.

Flowers.

Botanists term a bright, blue-eyed flower "Forget-me-not," but every heart has its own "Forget-me-not." To the cold, weary-hearted statesman, who has climbed fame's dizzy heights, the simple white rose recalls the bush that grew by his father's door, and his heart feels the old thrill, as he remembers the bud that he culled and fastened in Jesse's curls. Some of the greatest minds of earth have felt the influence of these memory keys. Napoleon often spoke tenderly of his father's garden in Corsica. The Median Queen of Nebuchadnezzar pined so sadly for the hills and flowers of her childhood's home, that the hanging gardens of Babylon were reared to comfort her. A geranium always bloomed in the library of the great statesman, Fox; it had been his mother's favorite flower. Pope, when almost crazed by the keen shafts of Lady Mary and Lord Hervey, would retire to his seat near a violet bed. When a loved and loving child, one corner in his tiny garden was appropriated to violets. Old Guard.

A Singular Dream.

The following case, in which a dream—in other respects highly remarkable—occurred twice on the same night, came under the notice of the writer of this article when he was practicing in London in the year 1868. Our older readers may recollect that, in the year just recorded, there was a terrible case of murder in America, Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard College, being convicted for the murder of his acquaintance—we can hardly say his friend—Dr. Parkman. A lady—we will call her X. Y.—well known in the literary world, and then residing in London, had, some years previously, paid a long visit to the United States, during which she became intimately acquainted with Dr. Webster and his family, who showed her much kindness and attention. After her return to England, she continued to correspond with the family; and one day, in the early autumn of 1868, a gentleman related to Dr. Parkman called upon her with an introduction from Professor Webster. On that night she went to bed at her usual hour, but soon experienced a horrible dream. She fancied that she was being urged by Dr. Webster to assist him in concealing a set of human bones in a wooden box; and she distinctly recollected that there was a third person, who, after failing to break in by force, they vainly attempted to insert, but it was too long. While they were trying to hide the box—as she fancied, under her bed—she woke in a state of terror and cold perspiration. She instantly struck a light, and tried to dispel the recollection of her horrible vision by reading. After a lapse of two hours, during which she had determined to fix her attention on the book, she put out the light, and soon fell asleep. The same dream again occurred; after which she did not dare—although a woman of singular moral and physical courage—to attempt to sleep any more that night. Early on the following morning she called upon the writer, and told him of her fearful experiences of the past night. Nothing more at the time was thought of these dreams; but shortly afterwards the news reached England that Dr. Parkman was missing; that the last time he was seen alive he was entering the college gates; and that the janitor was suspected of having murdered him.

On the writer mentioning this to X. Y., she at once exclaimed, "O, my dreams! Dr. Webster must be the murderer!" The next mail but one brought the news that the true murderer had been detected; and that, at the very time when X. Y.'s dream occurred, he must have been actually struggling to get the bones—the flesh having been previously burnt—into a wooden box such as she had seen; and that after attempting in vain to break the third person, he had hidden them elsewhere.

In this remarkable case, the visitor's call, and his conversation regarding their mutual friend, may have suggested to the mind of X. Y. the idea of Dr. Webster; but why it should have called him up to her mind as engaged in that singular manner, we admit that we cannot explain, as he had not seen her for some years. It is in the highest degree improbable that, when engaged in this horrible attempt to conceal the evidence of his guilt, he should have been specially thinking of X. Y.; otherwise we might have explained the dream according to the "Brain-wave Theory" propounded in the *Spectator* for January 30, 1869. It is possible, but highly improbable, that the idea of the bones might have been called up by the circumstance that X. Y. had recently been occupied in compiling a popular course of lectures on anatomy and physiology for a country physician; and we cannot regard her case as upsetting the theory we have propounded; that dreams must be due either to impressions made upon the mind at some previous period, or that they are produced during sleep by bodily sensations.—*London Once a Week*.

Thought.

In educating the mind our first duty should be to teach it to think, so that all its powers can be concentrated upon a single point without painful effort. When Sir Isaac Newton was asked how he made such discoveries in the various departments of science, he replied, "By thinking." The world in looking at the results he effected forgot the weary days and nights spent in patient thought by which those magnificent theories, the wonder of the present day, were brought forth. In early years we learned to think, and as thought generates thought, and the mind of man is capable of almost infinite expansion, he went on step by step in the labyrinth of science till death put an end to his labors.

The want of earnest thought receives a daily illustration in the institutions of learning all over our land. The brains of the students are crammed with an immense mass of rubbish collected from other minds, and with this insubstantial repast they are compelled to be satisfied. Not once are they taught to descend into the caverns of thought and gather bright jewels for themselves. There are, however, notable exceptions in this general laxity of discipline, and the light they shed forth shines with a double brilliancy.

Charity.

Why then, my brethren, must we be handling terrors which it is not ours to distribute, and sending forth into the dark those fearful guesses at judgment? Why must our feeble hand be playing with the lightning, and letting loose the hurricane? Rather let us imitate God. Does He brand the heretic with His curse? Does He pour the elements in fury around His dwelling? Does He set a mark on him, that any one finding him may slay him? No, the sunshine still smiles upon his roof; the shower still refreshes his field; the charity and hopes of life are still poured upon his heart. And cannot we cheer our human love the creatures whom our Father disdained not to bless? Are we so unkind as to stand apart in our holiness from the being with whom the Majesty of Heaven can condescend to dwell, whom Infinite Purity stoops to cherish? At least let us wait for the disclosure of these secret counsels which we dare to scan. It will be time enough to hate when God condemns, to shun when God driveth away. Be assured, my brethren, no soul ever perished for too much charity.—*Rev. James Martineau*.

BACHELOR FREEDOM.—"Bachelors," says Josh Billings, "are always a bargain of their freedom! Freedom to darn their own stockings and polish their own shoes. I had rather be a widower once in two years, rather, than to be a grunting, old, hair-dyed bachelor only ninety days."

WITH A ROSE IN HER HAIR.

My own, it is time you were coming,
For the hall-room is flooded with light,
And the leader impatiently humming
The notes they begin with to-night!
But the music, the flowers, and the lustre
Lack completeness when you are not there,
So hasten to join Beauty's muster
With a rose in your hair.

"Twas thus I first saw you, my own one!
As down the long terrace you passed,
You had plucked the white rose—a full-blown one—

Which amid your dark tresses was placed.
Then my heart blossomed forth like the flower,
To see you so young and so fair,
As you stood in the shade of the tower
With a rose in your hair.

And for aye, since that moment enchanted,
My life, both in sun and in storm,
In sorrow and joy, has been haunted
By an angel in feminine form.
Yet I can't—though 'tis constantly sigh me—
Describe all its loveliness rare;
But I know this—it always floats by me
With a rose in its hair.

And then you remember—(come nearer,
A word in that ear—like a shall I—)
When you whispered me none could be dearer
Than one—but his name I'll not tell.
Ah! your hair of the flower, how beautiful!
For you had none, I vow and declare,
On regaining the house; though you left it
With a rose in your hair.

But why waste we moments of pleasure?
Hark! the music invites us above:
Soon our feet shall beat time to the measure,
As our hearts beat the measure of love.
Come, queen of the poet's rich fancies—
My queen, with whom none may compare,
Come and glide in your grace through the dances
With a rose in your hair.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNN," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

CHAPTER XL.

COMING VERY NEAR.

It is not all at once that rumors of this grave character come to a climax. Time must be allowed them to grow and settle. It came at length, however, here. The doubts ripened into convictions; the semi-suppressed breathings widened into broad assertions: Oliver Rane had certainly murdered his wife for the sake of getting the Tontine money. People affirmed it one to another as they met in the street; that is (throwing the onus off themselves) said that others affirmed it. Old Phillips heard it one day, and nearly fell down in a fit. She did not altogether believe it; but nevertheless from that time she could not speak to her master without visibly shaking. The doctor thought she must be suffering from an incipient palsy. At length it penetrated to Daffory Hall, to the ears of Madam; and upon Madam it produced an extraordinary effect.

It has been stated throughout that Madam had conceived a violent dislike to Dr. Rane; or at least that she persistently acted against him in a manner that gave the impression that she had. As if she had only waited for this rumor to accuse him of something tangible, Madam took it up and made the cause her own. She never appeared to question the truth of the report, or to inquire what its grounds might be; she drove about, almost like a mad woman, here, there and everywhere, unequivocally asserting that Dr. Rane had been poisoned and that her husband, Oliver Rane, had done the deed.

In good truth Mrs. North had been, if not mad, in a state of inward ferment for some short while past: ever since she had become cognizant of the expected return to England of Mr. Adair. Why she should dread this, and why it should excite her—and she did dread it and it did excite her in no measured degree—she alone knew. Nobody around her had the least idea that the coming home of Mr. Adair would be more to her than the arrival of any stranger might be. Restless, nervous, anxious, with an evil and crafty look in her eyes, with ears that were ever open, with hands that could not be still, waited Madam. The household saw nothing—only that her tyranny became more unbearable every day.

It almost seemed as if she seized upon the whispered accusation of Dr. Rane as a vent for some of her uneasiness, on this other score to exercise itself upon. He must be brought to the Bar of Justice to answer for his crime, avowed Madam. She drove to the houses of the different county magistrates, urging this view upon them; she besieged the county coroner in his office and bade him get the necessary authority and issue his orders for the exhumation of the body.

The coroner was Mr. Dale. There had recently been a sharp contest for the coronership (which had become vacant) between a doctor and a lawyer: the latter was Dale of Whitborough, and he had gained the day. To say that Madam, swooping down upon him with this command, alarmed him considerably, would be saying little, as describing his state of astonishment. Occupied very much just now with the proceedings attaching to his new honor, and the accounts it personally involved him in (which he made many a wry face over) Lawyer Dale had found less time for gossiping about his neighbors' affairs than usual; and not a syllable of the flying rumor had reached him. So little did he at first believe it, and so badly did he think of Madam for the part she was playing, that had she been a man he would have given her the lie direct. But she was persistent: repeating over and over to him the charge in the most obnoxious and least delicate manner possible: Oliver Rane had poisoned his wife during her attack of fever; and he had done it to get the Tontine money. She went over the grounds for suspicion, dwelling on the belief in Dr. Rane's innocence was just a trifle shaken—which he did not acknowledge. After some sparring between them—Mr. Dale holding back from interference, she pressing it on—the coroner was obliged to admit that if a demand for an inquest were formally made to him, he should have no resource but to call one. Finally he undertook to institute some private inquiries into the matter and see whether there were grounds to justify so extreme a course.

Madam sharply replied that if there were the smallest disposition to stifle the inquiry, she should at once cause the Secretary of State to be communicated with. And with that, she swept down to her carriage.

Perhaps, of all classes of men living, lawyers are most brought into contact with the crimes and follies committed by the human race. Mr. Dale had not been at all scrupulous as to what he undertook; and many kinds of curious matters had come under his experience. Looking back in his chair after Madam's visit, reviving this point of the story, revolving that, his opinion changed, and he came to the conclusion that, on the face of things, it did look very much as though Dr. Rane had been guilty. Lawyer Dale had no cause to wish the doctor harm, especially the awful harm a public investigation might entail: had the choice lain with him he would have remained quietest, and consigned the doctor to his conscience. But he saw clearly that Mrs. North would not suffer this to be, and that it was more than probable he would have to act.

The first move he made in his undertaking to institute some private inquiry, was to seek an interview with Mr. Sealey. He went himself: the matter was of too delicate a nature to be confided to a clerk. In his questions he was reticent, after the cautious custom of a man of law, giving no clue and intending to give some as to why he put them; but Mr. Sealey had heard of the rumored accusation, and spoke out freely.

"I confess that I could not quite understand the death," he avowed; "but I do not suspect that Dr. Rane or any one else had any hand in it. She died naturally, as I believe. Mr. Dale, this is a horrible thing for you to bring against it."

"I bring it," cried Mr. Dale. "I don't bring it. I'd rather let the doubt lie and die out. It is forced upon me."

"Who by? These confounded rumors."

"By Mrs. North."

"Mrs. North?" echoed the surgeon in surprise. "You don't mean to say the North family are taking it up?"

"I don't know about the family. Madam is; and with a vengeance. She won't let it drop. There is an evident animus in her mind against Dr. Rane, and she means to pursue the charge to the last extremity."

Mr. Sealey felt vexed to hear it. When these rare and grave charges are brought against one of the medical body, the result, as a rule, would rather resent it than entertain it. And, besides, the surgeon liked Dr. Rane.

"Come," you may as well tell me the truth," cried the lawyer, breaking the silence. "You'll have to do it publicly, I fancy."

"Mr. Dale," was the answer, "I have told you the truth according to my belief. Never a suspicion of foul play crossed my mind in regard to Mrs. Rane's death. I saw nothing to give rise to it."

"You did not see her after she died; nor for some hours before it."

"No."

"You think she went off naturally."

"Most certainly I think so."

"But look here—we lawyers have to probe opinions, you know, so excuse me. If you were to find it proved that she went off in a different way, you'd not be surprised, eh, Sealey?"

"I shall be very much surprised."

"Hang it, man, don't you know what I mean? You would not be able, from your recollection of the facts attending the case, to confute it, or to bring forward a single confronting proof to say she did not?"

"Well, no, I should not be able."

"There's the difficulty, you see," resumed the lawyer; "there's where it will lie. You believe him innocent; but nobody possesses positive proofs of it to bring forward that might serve to stop the inquiry. It will have to go on as sure as a gun."

"Gangeth stop it, Mr. Dale?"

"I'll promise you this: that I'll put as many impediments in the way of it as I can. But, once I am called upon publicly to act—my own power to delay, will be over."

That was the end of the interview. It had a little strengthened the lawyer's doubts if anything. Mr. Sealey had not seen her after death. What he was going to do next, Mr. Dale did not say.

By the day following this, perhaps the only two people accustomed to walk up and down the streets of Daffory, who still remained in blissful ignorance of the trouble afoot, were Dr. Rane himself and Richard North. Nobody had dared to mention it to them. Richard, however, was soon to be enlightened.

Business took him to his bankers in Whitborough. It was of a private nature, requiring to be transacted between himself and one of the old brothers at the head of the firm. After it was over, they began talking a little about general things, and Richard asked incidentally whether much further delay would take place in paying the Tontine money to Dr. Rane.

"I am not sure that we shall be able to pay it to him at all," replied Sir Thomas Ticknell.

"Why not?" asked Richard, in surprise.

"For answer, the old gentleman looked significantly at Richard for a short space of time, and then demanded whether he was still in ignorance of what had become the chief public topic.

Bit by bit, it all came out. The Brothers Ticknell, it appeared, had heard the report quite at the first. There are never wanting kind friends to do a fellow man an injury when they can; and somebody had hastened to the bankers with the news. Richard North sat aghast as he listened. His sister was supposed to have come by her death unfairly! For once in his life he changed to the hue of a sick man, and his strong frame trembled. Sir Thomas made him drink a glass of old wine.

"We hear the new coroner, Dale, has got it in his head now," remarked Sir Thomas.

"I suppose there'll be a fine public scandal."

Recovering in some degree the shock, Richard North took his departure, and went over to Dale's, whose office was nearly opposite. The lawyer was there, and made no scruple of disclosing what he knew to Richard.

"It's a pity that I've got to take the matter up," said Dale. "Considering the uncertainty at present attending it—that the doctor may be innocent—considering also that it cannot bring the dead to life, and that it will be a most painful thing for old Mr. North—and for you too, Mr. Richard, I think it would be as well to let it alone."

"But, who is stirring in it?" asked Richard.

"Madam!" Do you mean Mrs. North?"

"To be sure I do. I don't say but what public commotion and officious people would soon have brought it to the same issue; but,

anyway, Mrs. North has forestalled them." And he told Richard of Madam's visit to him. "You say you have been making some private inquiries," observed Richard.

Mr. Dale nodded.

"And what is your candid opinion? Tell me, Dale."

But the lawyer hesitated to say to him, I think Dr. Rane may have been guilty. He hesitated not only because it was an unpleasant assertion to make to Dr. Rane's brother-in-law, but also because he really had doubts whether it was so or not.

"I hold no decided opinion as yet," he said; "I do not suppose I shall be able to form one until the postmortem examination has taken place."

"You do not mean to say that they will—that they will disturb my sister?" interrupted Richard North, his eyes full of horror.

"Why that's the first thing they will do—if the investigation goes on at all," cried the lawyer. "That's always the preliminary step. You are forgetting."

"I suppose I am," groaned Richard. "This has been a great shock to me. Dale, you cannot believe him guilty."

"Well, I can't tell; and that's the fact," candidly avowed the lawyer. "There are certainly some suspicious circumstances attending the case; but, at the same time, they are only such that Dr. Rane may be able to explain satisfactorily away."

"How have the doubts arisen?" questioned Richard. "There were none—I suppose—at the time."

"So far as I can at present ascertain, they have sprung from some words incidentally dropped by Fanny Jelly, the late Mrs. Cumberland's maid. Whether Jelly saw anything at the time of Mrs. Rane's illness to give rise to suspicion, I don't know. I have not yet got to see her. It is necessary to go about the business cautiously. Mr. Richard North, and Jelly I expect will be no willing witnesses."

"Did Madam tell you this arose from Jelly?"

"Oh, dear no. Madam does not concern herself as to whom the suspicions arise; she says to me there they are, and you must deal with them. I got the information from my clerk, Timothy Wilks. In striving to trace the rumors back to their source, I traced them to him. Carping him here before me in this room, I insisted upon his telling me whence he obtained them. He answered me readily enough—from Jelly. It seems Jelly was spending an evening at his aunt's, or cousin's, or grandmother's, whatever it is—I mean the wife of your time-keeper, Mr. Richard North. Wilks was present; only those three; the conversation turned upon Mrs. Rane's death, and Jelly said a few words that startled them. I quite believe that was the commencing link of the scandal."

"What can Jelly know?" exclaimed Richard, angrily.

"I can't tell. The report is, that Mrs. Rane had something wrong given her by her husband the last day of her life; and that his object was to get the Tontine money—which he could not touch while she lived. A curious thing that the husband and wife should be the two last left in that Tontine!" added the lawyer. "I've said so often."

"But, even—Richard stopped from pain—"If it had been so, how could Jelly have learnt it?"

"Well, things come out in strange ways sometimes; especially if they are things that ought not to see the light. I've noticed it. Jelly's mistress was away, and she may have gone in to help nurse Mrs. Rane in her illness; we don't yet know how it was."

Richard North rose to depart. "At any rate I do not see that it was Madam's place to take it up and urge on an inquiry," he remarked. "She should have left that to the discretion of my father and myself."

"She was in a regular fever over it," cried Mr. Dale. "She talked of sending an application to the Secretary of State. I shouldn't wonder but what it is already gone up."

From the lawyer's house, Richard went direct to that of the late Mrs. Cumberland's. The dusk of evening was then drawing on. As he reached the door, Miss Beveridge in her Quaker bonnet of dove-colored silk approached it from an opposite direction. Raising his hat, he asked whether he could be allowed a five minute's interview with Jelly. Miss Beveridge, who knew Richard by sight, was very chatty and pleasant; she took him into the drawing-room, and sent Jelly to him. And Jelly felt half inclined to faint as she shut the door, for she well knew what must be coming.

But, after some fencing with Richard's questions, Jelly gave in. He was resolute in requiring to see all she could tell, and at length she made a clean breast of it. She related what she knew, and what she suspected, from beginning to end; and before she had finished, a strangely soothing relief, that Richard should know it, grew up within her.

"For I shall think that the responsibility is now taken off my shoulders," she said. "And perhaps it has been nothing but this, that ill-fated lady has wanted me to do, in coming again."

In all the tale, the part that most struck Richard North, was Jelly's positive and clear assertion that she had since twice seen Mrs. Rane. He was simply astounded. And, to tell the truth, he did not seek to cast ridicule or disbelief on it. Richard North was an educated, and practical man of plain common sense, with no more tendency to believe in supernatural appearances than are such men in general; but his mind had been so unbiassed since the interview with Sir Thomas Ticknell, that he almost felt inclined to admit the possibility of his sister's not resting in her grave.

He sat with his head leaning on his hand. Collecting in some degree his half-shattered senses, he strove to go over dispassionately the grounds of suspicion. But he could make nothing more of them than Dale had said. Grounds for it there certainly were, but none but what Dr. Rane might be able to explain away. Jelly drew her own deductions and called them proofs; but Richard saw that of proofs as yet there were none.

"I've lived in mortal horror ever since that first night of seeing it again," said Jelly, interrupting his reverie. "Nobody can imagine, sir, what a dreadful time it has been. And when I was least thinking of it, it came the second time."

"To whom have you repeated this story of having seen her?" asked Richard.

"The first time I told Dr. Rane and Mrs. Gass. This last time I told the doctor and Mr. Sealey."

"Jelly," said Richard quietly, "there is no proof that anything was wrong. Except in your fancy."

"And the hasty manner that she was hid out of the way, sir—no woman called in to do anything for her; no soul allowed to see her!" urged Jelly. "If it wanted proof

positive before, it can't be thought to want it since what Thomas Ticknell related to me."

"All that may have been done out of regard to the welfare of the living," said Richard.

Jelly gave a disbelieving sniff. To her mind it was clearer than daylight. But at this juncture, a servant came in to know if she should bring light. Richard took the opportunity to depart. Of what use to prolong his stay? As he went out he saw Mr. Sealey standing at his door. Richard crossed over and asked to speak with him; he knew of Dale's interview with the surgeon.

"Can Rane have been guilty of this thing or not?" questioned Richard when they were alone together.

But, no. Not even have could Richard get at any decisive opinion. It might have been so, or it might not, Sealey replied. For himself, he was inclined to think it was not; that Mrs. Rane's death was natural.

Leaving again, Richard went up and down the dark road. His mind was in a turmoil. He, with Sealey, could not think Dr. Rane was guilty. And, even though he were, he began to question whether it would not be better for his father's sake, for all their sakes, to let the matter lie. Richard, pursuing his natural bias, put the two aspects together; and concluded them. On the one side there would be the most painful punishment of Oliver Rane and vengeance on Fanny's wrongs; the other would bring a terrible amount of pain of conscience on the doctor. And Richard truly feared for the effect it might have on Mr. North. Before his walk was over, he decided that it would be infinitely best to hush the scandal up, should that be still possible.

But, for his own satisfaction, he wished to get at the truth. It seemed to him that he could hardly live in the uncertainty. Taking a rapid resolution, he approached Dr. Rane's house, at the door, and asked old Phillis if he could see her master.

She at once showed him into the dining-room. Dr. Rane, weary perhaps with the case of the day, had fallen back in his chair asleep. He sprang up at the interruption, and a starting, almost frightened expression appeared in his face. Richard North, not but noting it, and his heart failed him, for he seemed to speak of guilt. Phillis shut them in together.

How Richard opened the interview, he scarcely knew, and could never afterwards recall. He soon found that Dr. Rane remained as yet in total ignorance of the plot that was abroad; and this rendered him all the more difficult. Richard made him the communication in the most delicate manner that the subject admitted of. Dr. Rane did not receive it kindly. He first swore a great oath, and then—his fury checked suddenly in his mind as if by some latent thought or fear—he sank back in his chair and bent his head on his breast, like a man struck dumb with astonishment.

"I think you need not have given credit to this against me, Richard North," he presently spoke in a reproachful accent. "But I believe you lost confidence in me more than a year ago."

He so evidently alluded to the anonymous letter that Richard did not affect to misunderstand him. It might be better to speak openly.

"I believe you wrote that letter, Rane."

"True, I did. But not to injure your brother. I thought Alexander must be a bad man—that he must be leading Edmund North into money difficulties to serve himself. I had no cause to spare him, but, on the contrary, for he had injured me, was injuring me fairly; and I wrote what I did to Mr. North hoping it might expose Alexander and damage him. There, you have it. I would rather have had my hand cut off, than fling it out with emotion, and then have hurt your brother. I wished afterwards that it had been cut off first. But it was too late then."

And because of that anonymous letter Dr. Rane knew, and Richard felt, that the accusation now made, gathered weight from it. When a man has been guilty of one thing, we think it a reason why he may be guilty of another.

A silence ensued, and they sat there, the table between them. The room was rather dark. The lamp had a shade on it, the fire had burned low; before the large window were stretched the sombre curtains. Richard North would have given some years of his life for this most distressing business never to have come into it.

He went on with what he had to say. Dr. Rane motionless now, kept his hand over his face while he listened. Richard told of the public commotion, of the unparalleled shock he feared it might bring his father. Again there was an interruption: but Dr. Rane in speaking did not raise his voice.

"Is my personal liberty in danger?"

"Not yet—in one sense. I believe you are under the surveillance of the police."

"Watched by them?"

"Yes. But only to see that you do not get away."

"That is—they track me out and home, I am to understand. I am watched in and out of my patients' houses; if I have occasion to pay country visits, these stealthy blood-hounds are at my heels night or day?"

"I conclude it is so," answered Richard.

"Since when has this been?"

"Since—I think since the day before yesterday. There is a probability, as I hear, that the Secretary of State will be applied to. If—"

"For what purpose?"

"For his authority to disturb the grave," said Richard in a low tone.

Dr. Rane started up in a frenzy of fear apparent in his face.

"They—they—Surely they are not talking of doing that?" he cried, turning white.

"Yes, they are. To have her disturbed will be to us the most painful of all."

"Stop it, for the Lord's sake!" came the imploring cry. "Stop it, Richard North! Stop it!"

But at that moment there burst upon their ears a frightful clatter outside the door. Richard opened it. Dr. Rane, who had sunk on his seat again, never stirred. Old Phillis, coming in from the scullery, from a cleaning bout, had accidentally let fall nearly a small cart load of pots and pans.

CHAPTER XLII.

EST U QUIL M' AIME.

The wintry weather had set in again; the past few days had been intensely cold and bleak. Ellen Adair sat in one of her favorite out-door seats, well-sheltered from the wind by artificial rocks and clustering evergreens, and well wrapped-up, besides, she did not seem to feel the frost.

Her later days had been one long great trial. Compelled to meet Arthur Bohun

hope you ain't mad. There ain't nary chair,
or else I'd a set down."—*Boston Journal*.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE BATTLE AT GERAR.

BY CARLE.

It was a still, calm night; the glorious moon was setting through the sky; the river was running water; the clouds were cloudy; the soldiers were sleeping. I stepped out of my tent and looked over the plain. He took my arm and invited me to the tent of the Crown Prince.

"Molly," said I, "what's your little game?"

"Penny ante," replied he.

"Two bits," added I.

"You are a French spy. Ha! ha!" said he, grasping my collar. "Ho! ho!"

"Dat ish good," added I.

"Then your Dutch," signed he, dropping me like a pair of hot coals.

In the end we found the King, the Crown Prince, Gen. Stenograph, Gen. Sheridan, and Gen. Forsyth.

"Molly," said I, "introduce me to the King."

"Bill," said he, "this is Jenkins."

Bill held out his foot and I took a suck at his great toe.

Then we went at the game. Bill is pretty good at it, but then he doesn't stand any chance beside Molly. The Crown Prince lost at least fourteen cents—and just as he had a splendid opportunity to retrieve his losses, it came an aide who announced that the French had retreated.

"Where?" cried Von Mollike.

"In Sedan," replied the aide.

"I knew it," said Molly. "Bill, I told you they had no horses for a regular carriage."

Then we went out. The King invited me to sit in his carriage with Molly and Sheridan.

We reached the scene of war.

The moon shone; the mountains were mountainous; the trees were treery; and the soft September breeze was breezy. Bismarck came up and asked the King to let him out behind.

"His," said I, "take my seat; I'll take a trip to the French camp."

No I tripped over to the French camp, and found things somewhat mixed. The moon shone. Steadily the Prussian troops advanced, and with a heroism worthy of a better cause, the French retreated. The Emperor wanted to die in the rear of his men.

"Nap," said I, "you'd better get up and go. The Prussians are coming."

"Jenkins," said he, "kiss me for my mother. I'm betrayed."

"Why don't you have more champagne?" said I.

"I'll surrender," said he; get me a white flag."

No I took one of Eugene's old pocket-handkerchiefs which I found in the tent, stuck it on the end of the sabre of the nephew of his uncle, put Nap in the carriage, jumped in myself, and drove to the Prussian camp. The moon shone; all nature smiled; the trees were treery; the Prussians were chairy.

Bill received us very coolly at first—but I gave him the wink, and he suggested to His Majesty that he'd better take the Emperor prisoner.

"Nap," said Bill, "is the game up?"

"Bill," said Nap, "you've scored the game. I leave my old clothes to the Regent. I hope she'll like the breeches."

Then he treated to cigarettes, and we all went back to our game of penny ante.—Punchinello.

Mark Twain on Chambermaids.

Against all chambermaids, of whatever age or nationality, I launch the curse of Bachelordom!

Because:

They always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gas burner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors), you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes.

If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed.

If you pull your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose.

They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the bootjack, and swear.

They always put the match box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put a bottle or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping about in the dark, and get yourself into trouble.

They are forever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you come in at midnight, or thereabout, you will fall over the rocking chair, and you will proceed toward the window and sit down in the slop tub. This will disgust you. They like that.

No matter where you put anything, they won't let it stay there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get.

They always save up the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stick them up carefully on the table, and then start the fire with your valuable manuscripts.

And they use more hair oil than any six men.

They keep always coming to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and judging away upon you, but after you get up, they don't come any more till the next day.

A person, attending church, took down a hymn as he heard it, and afterward referred to the hymn-book for a translation, with the following result:

WHAT HE HEARD.

"Waw-haw, waw-haw waw-haw."

"Waw-haw, waw-haw waw-haw."

"Waw-haw, waw-haw waw-haw waw-haw."

THE TRANSLATION.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord arise; Welcome to this reviving feast, And these rejoicing eyes."



BEHIND TIME.

TICKET COLLECTOR.—"This your boy, mum? He's too big for a half ticket!"
MOTHER (down upon him).—"Oh, is he? Well, perhaps he is now, Mister; but he wasn't when we started. This exam'ns ever so man hours behind time, an' he's a growing lad! He now!"—(Exit in triumph.)

A FUNERAL SERMON.

It is said that once a man of small consequence died, and the Rev. T. K. Beecher, (not H. W. B.), was asked to preach the funeral sermon—a man who abhors the lauding of people, either dead or alive, except in dignified and simple language, and then only for merits which they actually possessed or possessed, not merits which they merely ought to have possessed. The friends of the deceased got up a stately funeral. They must have had misgivings that the corpse might not be praised strongly enough, for they prepared some manuscript headings and notes in which nothing was left unsaid on that subject that a fervid imagination and an unabridged dictionary could compile, and they handed to the minister as he entered the pulpit. They were merely intended as suggestions, and so the friends were filled with consternation when the minister stood up in the pulpit and proceeded to read off the curious odds and ends in a ghastly detail, and in a loud voice! And their consternation solidified to petrification when he paused at the end, contemplated the multitude reflectively, and then said impressively:

"The man would be a fool who tried to add anything to that. Let us pray!"

INNOCENT DEAR.—Last week a gentleman of this city was pouring over what to give a young lady friend, and at last decided that it should be a ring. "Now, my dear friend, what kind of a ring would you like? It is so very puzzling; there are so many sorts."

"Well, Mr. Smith, you know, one don't like to make a choice in these matters—a little delicate, you understand; but, really, if you insist upon it—I s'pose you will—why, I should like an engagement ring dearly!"

was the innocent reply.

MRS. EDWARDS (lately married).—"Really, George, I thought you would be more interesting, and not smoke for hours, without exchanging a word. This does not realize those bright pictures you painted before our marriage."

MR. EDWARDS.—"You may depend upon it, darling, all pictures look better through the medium of smoke. It tones them down."

[Mrs. Edwards does not know in the least what Mr. Edwards means; neither does he know himself; but the effect is all the same. Mrs. Edwards is silenced.]

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—John Van Buren once won a suit at which the opposite party was so much enraged, that he declared that whenever he met "Prince John" he would pitch into him. They encountered each other at an oyster counter. The man at once addressed him: "Mr. Van Buren, is there a cause so bad, or an individual so infamous, that your services cannot be obtained?" "I cannot say," said John, swallowing another oyster; and then, stooping over, he asked, in an undertone that everybody could hear—"What have you been doing?"

TEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

The following extract is from an address by Baboo Kerub Chunder Sen, the distinguished Hindoo preacher, now in England:—

"If you desire to see homely and conclusive illustrations of the golden principles of temperance, go to India. Go from village to village, and from town to town, and you will see with your own eyes what wonders have been achieved in that nation by the power of temperance, and temperance alone. But alas! If you wish to see the effects which have resulted from the interference of a Christian nation and a Christian government with those principles and practices of temperance, you must go to India. There you will see now hundreds upon hundreds—ay, thousands upon thousands, of enlightened, energetic, and promising young men and young women are dying month after month, and year after year, as the necessary and inevitable consequence of that insidious system of liquor traffic which the British government, to its shame, has introduced into India."

THE DEVIL'S SONATA.—It is related of Tartini, the famous composer, that after wearing himself ill in vainly attempting to finish a sonata, he fell asleep, and dreamed of the theme that was upon his mind. In this dream the devil appeared to him, and proposed to help him in his sonata, provided he would give him his soul in return. He agreed, and the devil at once composed the sonata off-hand in the most charming manner. When he awoke, he rushed to the desk and put down the notes which still lingered in his memory, and the result was the masterly sonata which is now known by the name of the "Sonata du Diable."

Men and Women.

A woman, "Ouida," writes as follows in a recent novel. Is it not awful, dear lady reader?—

I suppose I shall be considered very heterodox if I write a thing that I really believe; but I do believe it; and it is this—that men are much softer at heart than women.

Oh, I know men can be hard enough; they can swear savagely on occasions; they can hit mercilessly when they are minded; they can be like steel or granite to a woman whom they have ceased to care about; I know that. But for all that they are never hard with the chill, contented, egotistic, lifelong brutality of women. "After me the deluge!"—that is a woman all over. If the Pompeioid did not say it, she ought to have done.

Lucretius has said how charming it is to stand under a shelter in a storm, and see another hurrying through its rain and wind; but a woman would refuse that sort of cruelty, and would not be quite content unless she had an umbrella beside her that she refused to lend.

I get very much out of patience when I hear of the tenderness of women; they are only tender just for themselves and their belongings—no tigresses and bears are. They have no notion of any impersonal sympathy. Men you can move by a thousand things—their imaginations, their affections, their chivalries, their follies, their intelligence, their perception, what you will. But a woman can only be moved by just one thing alone—her own private interests.

Women always put me in mind of that bird of yours, the cuckoo.

Your poetry and your platitudes have all combined to attach a most sentimental value to cuckoos and women; all sorts of pretty fantasies surround them both; the spring-time of the year, the breath of early flowers, the verse of old dead poets, the scent of sweet summer rains, the light of bright dewy dawns—all these things you have mingled with the thought of the cuckoo till its first call through the woods in April brings all these memories with it. Just so in like manner have you entangled your poetic idealism, your dreams of peace and purity, all civilities of patience and of pity, all saintly sacrifices and sorrow, with your ideas of women.

Well—cuckoos and women, believe me, are very much like each other, and not at all like your fantasy—to get well-feathered nest without the trouble of making it, and to keep easily in it themselves, no matter who may turn out in the cold, is both cuckoo and woman all over; and while you quote Herrick and Herbert about them as you walk in the dewy greenwood, they are busy sleying the poor lonely fledglings that their own young may lie snug and warm.

Want of Courage.

Sydney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for the want of a little brass, as it is termed:—"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting the chances."

AGRICULTURAL.

Butter Factories.

"I.—CITY, August 27th, 1870.
"MY DEAR SIR:—I send you a butter much longer. Twelve cows will kill me in three more years. No girl that I cannot do the work as I want it done, and for that reason I soon came to doing it myself. Husband—the kindest of men—sometimes helps me skim the milk, and almost always when the field work is not driving, compies the pans. It is all that he can do, but it is at the best, but little."
"I am asking him every day to get the neighbors together, and see if they cannot build a butter-factory. Even if we did not make so much, my life would be longer, and so, on the whole, I should do as much for him and the children. You have helped me a great many times—do you not help me now?"
"Your friend,
"B. E."

These sober words tell the old, old story of New England women worked to death. "Twelve cows will kill me in three more years." That is it. And when she is dead, the husband, the kind husband, will say: "Well, she did have to work pretty hard." "You know we couldn't get a good girl." "She went down in a hurry after she once gave up." Worked to death!

There is no class of women in the world subjected to such endless, such exacting toil as those who are their own dairy-maids in addition to being their own housekeepers, and the conjunction is not an unusual one among even well-to-do farmers, both east and west of the Hudson.

Good in-door help has been among the things not to be had in the years gone by. It will be easier obtained when Chinamen, who do now most of the butter-making in California, are welcomed to our homes.

But even these some farmers cannot afford to pay, and perhaps cannot get, even if the cost were not a serious obstacle. What can be done for ten thousand such women as the one who penned this honest and most earnest appeal? The best thing that presents itself now is the erection of butter-factories within reach of their homes.

They have proved a great success. They are destined to multiply; and although the profits of a dairy may not be quite as large, taking all things into the account—and even on this point we do not speak with any degree of assurance when we consider the good lifted from the shoulders of the wife who is being worked to death, the transfer of the milk from her charge and manipulation to that of those whose sinews are stronger set, the expediency of the thing is at once apparent.

One of the largest butter-factories, and perhaps one of the most successful, is at Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y. During the month of July it had the milk from 800 cows, and besides the skimmed cheese, which amounts frequently to a ton a day, it produced 775 pounds of butter in the same twenty-four hours, or about fourteen and a half ounces average to a cow, which is a remarkable yield for the number milked.

Both butter and cheese are manufactured here by the pound—three cents for the former and two for the latter—those furnishing the milk paying for boxes, bandages, etc., for cheese; and salt, packages, etc., for butter.

In every point of view the institution is a success. The only fear is, that the country will be flooded with skimmed cheese to the great depression of the market; but time will regulate all this.

The best plan to start a butter or cheese factory, is to call a meeting of the inhabitants in any given locality, summon from some dairy region (paying him his expenses and for his time) some man who has had practical experience, and can therefore advise with reference to size of building, location, etc. Then let the farmers present subscribe for the stock—in fact, a Corporation, appoint Directors and a President, and during the winter the buildings can be erected, the machinery procured, and when spring comes, the women in the neighborhood, instead of having in prospect toil that never knows respite or change, can contemplate the summer, not as a season in which they are being worked to death, but one of such enjoyment as reasonable labor, surrounded with the beauties of the season, always affords.—Hearth and Home.

Our Receipt for Curing Meat.

To one gallon of water,
Take 1 lb. of salt,
1 lb. of sugar,
1 oz. of saltpetre,
1 oz. of potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface, blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.

If this receipt is properly tried it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpass it, if so good.—Germantown Telegraph.

Raise Good Horses.

Speed is not the only good thing derivable from blood, it is very nearly the least good thing. That which the blood-horse does possess is a degree of strength in his bones, sinews, and frame at large, utterly out of proportion to the size or apparent strength of that frame. The texture, the form and the symmetry of the bones—all, in the same bulk and volume—possess double, or nearer four-fold, the elements of resistance and endurance in the blood-horse that they do in the cold-blooded cart-horse. The difference in the form and texture of the sinews and muscles, and in the inferior tendency to form flabby, useless flesh, is still more in favor of the blood-horse. Beyond this, the internal anatomical construction of his respiratory organs, of his arterial and venous system, of his nervous system, in a word, of his constitution generally—is calculated to give him what he possesses, greater vital power, greater recuperative power, greater physical power, in proportion to his bulk and weight, than any other known animal—added to greater quickness of movement, and to greater courage, greater endurance of labor, hardship, suffering—in a word, greater (what is called vulgarly) game or pluck than will be found in any other of the horse family.—American Stock Journal.

Pestish for Peach Trees.

Dr. Geo. B. Wood, President of the American Philoposohical Society, having noticed that his peach trees after producing a few crops, ceased bearing, and died in a few years; and believing that the cause of decay was worms at the roots of the tree, put into operation a plan for the destruction of the worms. He dug holes five or six inches deep at the base of the stem, scraped away all worms that could be found and filled up with wood ashes fresh from the stove, which of course contained all the potash. This was done in the autumn of 1883, with a result in the following spring at which he was astonished. The trees appeared to have been restored to all their early freshness and vigor—put forth bright green leaves, blossomed copiously, and bore a heavy crop of fruit. On reflection Dr. Wood attributes the favorable results more to the effect of the potash contained in the ashes than to the destruction of the worms.

LOOKING FOR SCREWS AND NUTS.

The Coach Maker's Magazine says:—"When you find screws and nuts have become fast from rust, pour on them a little kerosene or coal oil, and wait a few moments until they become soaked with the liquid. When this is done, they can be easily started, and the bolt saved."

THE RIDDLE.

Enigma.

I am composed of 76 letters.
My 3, 1, 7, 13, 18, 26, 30, 40, is a city in China.
My 4, 7, 26, 10, 41, 35, 37, 19, is the name of one of Shakespeare's plays.
My 70, 64, 2, 23, 71, 61, is a character in the above play.
My 73, 6, 28, 37, 30, 3, 63, 36, is the birth-place of a celebrated poet.
My 73, 55, 26, 78, 6, 33, 15, was an English poet.
My 40, 8, 47, 75, 61, 31, 37, 5, 69, is the name of a town in England.
My 4, 74, 20, 54, 34, 63, 43, 13, 38, is the name of an American author.
My 14, 25, 24, 29, 7, is the name of a prominent Frenchman.
My 34, 71, 49, 43, 54, 18, 37, 45, 9, 33, is the name of a well-known novel.
My 59, 44, 61, 59, 68, 25, 48, 16, 34, 17, 60, is dangerous to follow.
My 52, 64, 25, 51, 78, 70, 18, 47, 28, is the name of one of Hawthorne's works.
My 10, 31, 71, 18, 46, 39, 50, 31, 14, 33, 72, 28, 5, is a river in Georgia.
My 41, 74, 33, 10, 19, 64, 51, is the name of a Grecian god.
My 34, 9, 33, 18, 63, 43, 45, 64, 44, 13, is the name of a renowned French writer.
My 67, 9, 63, 53, 63, 47, is a quality which few possess.
My whole is a quotation from one of Bulwer's plays.
Germantown.

MISCELL.

My 1st is in fiction, also in truth.
My 2d is in age, but not in youth.
My 3d is in "Maggie," but not in "Whist."
My 4th is in "Oliver," but not in "Twist."
My 5th is in worship, but not in church.
My 6th is in hickory, also in birch.
My 7th is in waste, but not in sink.
My 8th is in hinting, also in wink.
My 9th is in wheaten, but not in corn.
My 10th is in whistle, but not in horn.
My last is in grasses, also in ferns.
My whole is a poem by Robert Burns.
DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Problem.

How much water can be put into a cubical vessel three feet deep, which has been previously filled with cannon balls of the same size, 2, 4, 6 or 9 inches in diameter, regularly arranged in tiers, one directly above another?
E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hildale Co., Mich.

An answer is requested.

Alligation-Mixing Problem.

A man having a 4 gallon keg, filled with brandy, began on Sunday morning to draw one quart from the same, filling up the occasional space with water. Next morning, drawing again one quart of the mixture, he filled up the space again with one quart of water, and so continued every morning during the week; that is for seven days, each day drawing one quart from the mixture in the keg, and filling up the empty space occasioned with water. What was the proportion of brandy left to the proportion of water mixed in the keg on Saturday evening?
AUGUSTUS.

An answer is requested.

Conundrum.

When is a butterfly like a kiss? Ans.—When it alights on tulips.

Why is a dead dog's tail like a turn-pike gate? Ans.—Because it's stopped a waggle.

When were there only two vowels? Ans.—In the days of Noah, before you and I were born (in the days of no a, before u and i were born.)

Why is a successful comic actor unlike a schoolmaster fond of flogging? Ans.—Because the one makes a furor (few roar) and the other makes a great many roar.

When does a monarch shower blessings on his people? Ans.—When he rains.

Why does a duck put its head under water? Ans.—For divers reasons.

How may you best keep eggs from spoiling? Ans.—By eating them while they're fresh.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA.—"Farewell, good-bye, be very true, Remember, love, I pray, I've nothing in this world but you To guide me on my way."

RIDDLE.—Plea, Lea, Alp, Pea, Ape, Pa, Peal, Lap, Ale, Pale.

RECIPTS.

AROMATIC MUSTARD.—After the manner of the Germans and other Europeans. "To 1 quart pure cider vinegar, add 3 tablespoonful each of ground allspice and cinnamon, 1 do. of cloves, 3 do. brown sugar, 4 do. salt, and 3 large onions cut fine. Boil until the strength is well extracted, say 1 or 2 of an hour; then strain the vinegar, boiling, on to 1 lb. best English mustard, and stir until it is perfectly smooth. If not thin enough, put more vinegar to the same spices, salt and mix." This keeps well in a fruit jar, and improves by age. Boiling the vinegar for the length of time directed above would weaken it very much. The flavor of the spices would be extracted equally well by keeping the mixture nearly boiling hot in a covered vessel. Another formula is given by Mrs. E. D. O. Meadville, Pa.: "4 tablespoonful of ground mustard, 1 do. flour, 1 do. sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 do. black pepper, 1 do. cinnamon, 1 do. cloves. Mix smoothly with boiling vinegar, and let stand several hours before using. It may be thinned with cold vinegar. Will keep any length of time."

TO DRIVE OFF OR DESTROY RED ANTS.—

The following recipe has proved successful in every case where tried:—Take six or seven drops of oxalic acid (which is a liquid state during warm weather) and mix it with a small teaspoon half full of melted lard, and set this preparation wherever the ants are troublesome, and they will disappear in a very short-space of time. This is also good to keep out other insects.—H. K. Kibbut, Iowa.

M. A. H. asks for some cure for red ants. I have found this spring that carbolic acid was very effectual in a closet which they had just entered. First wipe them all out with a damp cloth, and then with a little scrub of raw cotton, on a thin stick, wet with the acid, wipe all around the edge of the shelves, and wherever they seem to come from. At least this plan caused them to disappear at once; or, rather, no more came. I also put some of the acid round the legs of the sofa, and have had no more trouble.—A. A. W., North Bend, O.